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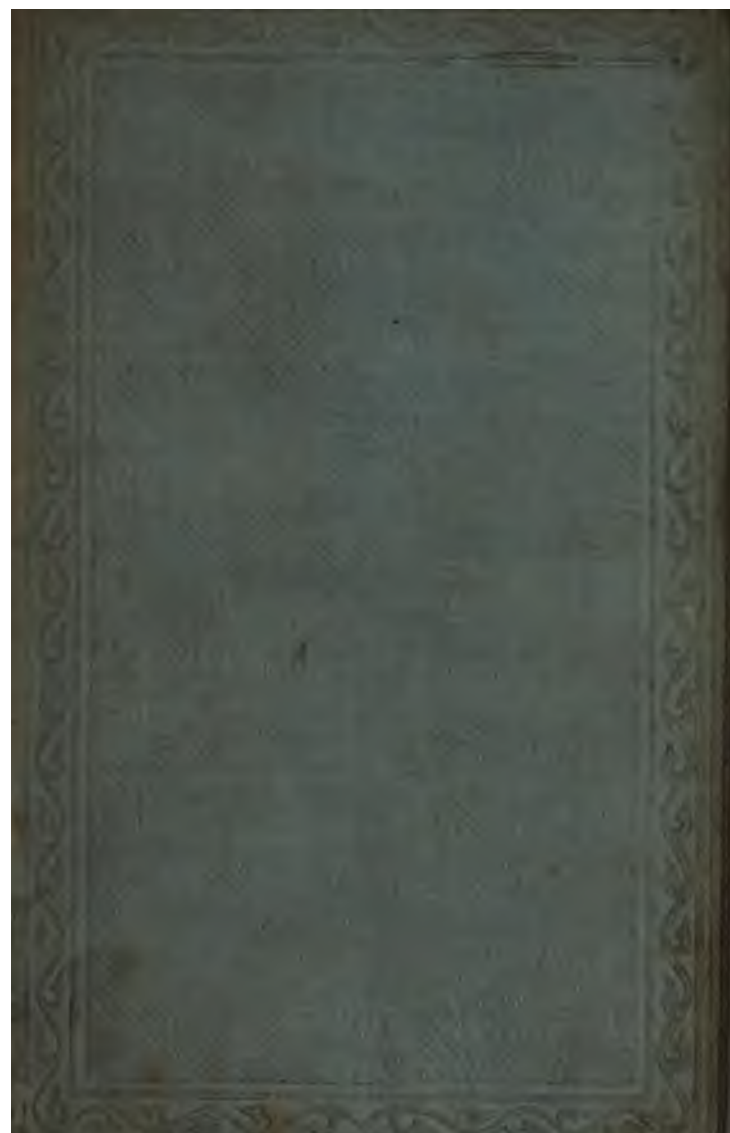
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JEAN MIGAULT;

OR, THE

TRIALS OF A FRENCH PROTESTANT FAMILY,

DURING THE PERIOD OF THE REVOCATION

OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, WITH A HISTORICAL
INTRODUCTION,

BY

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HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

THE little work, of which an English version is now offered to the public, was picked up some years since in London, by the translator, and read by him with great interest, as, in his opinion, bearing the impress of simplicity, truthfulness, and piety. Recent movements among the Roman Catholic party in this country, have led him to think that its publication may not be without use.

The French title is as follows, “*Journal de Jean Migault, ou Malheurs d’une Famille Protestante de Poitou, à l’époque de la Révocation de l’Edit de Nantes*”—and the book is dated, Paris 1825. In the preface it is stated, that a member of a benevolent society in Spitalfields (a district of London once almost entirely inhabited by French Protestant refugees, who had fled from the persecution that followed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes), happening to get into conversation with a poor man, was told by him that he had in his pos-

session an old manuscript in French, written by one of his forefathers, a victim of the "Révocation." The paper was produced, and, with the consent of the owner, revised, and published in Paris for the use of French Protestants. On perusing the volume, it appeared to the translator that it was different from any thing he had seen on the subject. If one wishes to acquaint himself with the minutiae of the working of such a terrible measure as the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he will find considerable difficulty in obtaining suitable books. He must either refer to formal histories, which treat of the matter "en gros," passing over such little matters as the sorrows and sufferings of an humble family, or he must have recourse to fictitious narratives, from which an unvarnished account cannot be expected. Now, Jean Migault's memoir, to a certain extent, supplies this want. It goes into details with the minute exactitude of a Dutch landscape, and gives the reader a vivid idea how poor people are affected by the operation of great state or religious mandates. The style of the original is quaint and formal, with many inelegancies, and not a few repetitions; but the translator has

not ventured to affect the simplicity of the story by attempting to improve its diction. For the same reason, he has not altered the form of the narrative, although it is sufficiently antiquated ; but has given it as it came from the hand of the good old Frenchman himself. He sincerely hopes, that whatever opinion may be entertained as to its literary merits, the reader may benefit by the picture of humble piety suffering uncomplainingly, and with an eye turned heavenward, amid heavy and unmerited persecution.

It may not be out of place here to take a rapid glance at the history of French Protestantism, and also at the causes and effects of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

From an early period after the commencement of the Reformation in France, the Protestants had to endure severe persecutions. Francis I., notwithstanding his many great and popular qualities, frequently treated them with barbarity, scorning them as a wretched heretical rabble, towards whom the observance of the common forms of justice was unnecessary. And it is remarkable, that even while this monarch was in secret alliance with the Ger-

man Protestant princes against the emperor, his hand was not the less heavy on his own Calvinistic subjects. Many harsh laws were in existence against these unfortunate persons, and they were rigorously enforced. The new religion, however, continued to spread; and in the reign of the next monarch, Henry II., it was found that the celebrated Coligny, together with other distinguished French nobles, belonged to its creed. The persecutions which took place afterwards were chiefly confined to persons in humble life.

On the death of Henry, Francis II., the youthful husband of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, ascended the throne. Francis was much under the influence of his mother, Catherine de Medicis, who, along with the princes of the family of Guise, determined to uproot the Reformed faith.

The Protestants, or Huguenots, as they were now called, had gradually assumed all the appearance of a powerful political party, headed by the Prince of Condé, the Constable Montmorency, and the Admiral Coligny. Anthony, King of Navarre, too, lent them for a while his hesitating co-operation. *In tracing their history during this brief reign, and*

during part of that of Charles IX., who succeeded in 1560, we read of little else than conspiracies, stratagems, and military undertakings, in which the right seems to lie, now with the one party and now with the other. Occasionally, however, a polemical discussion took place, with great formality.

By and by, the Huguenots procured a modification of some of the statutes that remained in force against them; and, indeed, for a time they appeared to be the dominant power in the state, their leaders having a formidable army, their preachers great congregations, and their deputies considerable interest in the legislature. The years 1562 and 1563 were spent in desultory combats, which resulted in the captivity or death of many of the leaders of both factions. At length negotiation succeeded warfare, and the Protestants obtained terms which do not appear to have been very well calculated to promote their peaceful intercourse with their fellow-subjects. Instead of religious toleration being secured to them by a powerfully administered law, their protection was left in their own hands. They were allowed to garrison and hold *certain cities and fortresses*, as if there was

something in their creed which must for ever render them incapable of amalgamating with other Frenchmen. Thus the Roman Catholic and the Huguenot now stood, each upon his guard, like enemies breathing in the interval of combat.

Once more attempts were made to withdraw the privileges of the Huguenots, and once more they boldly proposed to take the field. Two of their principal leaders, Montmorency and Condé, were slain almost at the outset; but an important auxiliary joined them, in the person of the Prince of Bearn, afterwards Henry IV., at the head of a large body of troops. The reigning monarch, Charles IX., a wicked prince, with his still more wicked mother, Catherine de Medicis, now changed their tactics. By a fresh treaty, the Protestants were allowed very great concessions. The young King and Catherine heaped favours and honours on the Admiral Coligny and their other leaders; and a marriage was concluded between the Prince of Bearn and Charles's sister, Margaret, which was solemnized on the 17th August 1572. This event naturally attracted crowds of the Huguenot nobility and gentry to Paris.

The festival of St Bartholomew occurred on the

24th August, just seven days after the marriage. On that fatal eve the weather was close and oppressive, as if a thunder-storm was about to burst upon Paris. A storm was indeed brewing, more terrible than that of the elements. As night came on, bodies of troops were marched to different parts of the city, where they stood, drawn up in portentous silence. Later still, white crosses were distributed among the men, and placed by them in their hats and helmets. Passers-by gave an anxious glance at these ominous proceedings, and hurried to their homes. Soon the first shots were heard—the first shrieks! And then Paris presented a picture of horrid butchery. The streets were alive with white-cross soldiers, and with thousands of similarly decorated nobles and citizens, all armed, and engaged in an indiscriminate massacre of the Protestants. Rank availed not to save, although the victim might bear the noblest name in the peerage; nor patriotism, although he might have bled in a hundred fields for his country; nor female beauty, although the French boasted loudly of their chivalrous gallantry; nor old age, although the martyr's hair was white as the snow; nor *infancy*, although the helpless babe was seen to smile.

and stretch out its arms to the assassin ! The extermination of the Huguenots was resolved upon, and none were to be spared except the Prince of Bearn and the other members of the royal family. The work was so pressing, that the King himself aided it by firing at the fugitives from his palace window ; and orders had been given that similar massacres should take place throughout the kingdom. The venerable Coligny fell among the first, and his fellow-victims are variously estimated at from 50,000 to 100,000.

But still the Huguenots were not entirely destroyed. Arousing themselves to exertion, the survivors appeared in arms, and from their fortresses defied the enemy. Meanwhile, the wretched King, who had originated or permitted such frightful atrocities, did not escape unpunished. His conscience tortured him ; spectres seemed to crowd around his bed ; his agony was such, that blood oozed from the surface of his body ; and he soon sunk into the grave,

“ Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.”

Henry III., who followed Charles IX., was a foolish and licentious monarch. The Roman Catholics brought forward what was called “ the League.

with Guise at their head, for the purpose of suppressing Protestantism. An alliance was formed with Spain ; and, finally, the King, seeing that he was becoming a secondary personage to Guise, joined the League, of which he was acknowledged the chief. Henry of Bearn, however, now King of Navarre, with a Huguenot army, overthrew their opponents at Coutras. Shortly afterwards Henry III. caused Guise to be assassinated, almost in his own presence ; and he himself next fell under the dagger of a fanatic monk named Jacques Clement.

Henry of Navarre, as nearest heir, ascended the French throne with the title of Henry IV. Long struggles with the Leaguers marked the early part of his reign ; and the Roman Catholic religion was so strongly rooted in the prejudices of the people, that the King, imagining he could not reign in peace as a Protestant, entered the bosom of the Popish church. Although separated from their communion, he must still have borne a warm feeling towards his old Huguenot fellow-soldiers ; and, accordingly, we find that, in 1598, the Edict of Nantes, the great bulwark of French Protestant freedom, was promulgated.

By this statute, liberty was ensured to the Huguenots to profess and practise their religion, and also to assemble together for the management of ecclesiastical business. They were to have judges of their own creed on the bench, and towns and castles were to be left in their hands as guarantees of these privileges.

But still the Huguenots were unfortunately situated. Their strongholds and armies gave them the appearance of a hostile, or at least an independent secular power, existing within the King's dominions; while their right of meeting for deliberative purposes must have been looked upon with bitter jealousy by the rest of the nation, whose States-General could only be convoked at the royal command.

The reign of Henry IV. terminated without any material change in their circumstances; but Richelieu, the great minister of Louis XIII., after humbling his master and the whole nobility of France, attacked the temporal power of the Protestants, besieged and took Rochelle and all their other fortresses, and, from being a strong political party, reduced them at once to the condition of merely tolerated dissenters from the national religion. He allow-

ed them, however, to enjoy their own forms of worship, and to manage their church affairs, without molestation; and the Edict of Nantes, although many of its provisions were virtually nullified, yet remained on the statute book the palladium of their liberty. "They were admissible," says Macaulay, "to political and military employment. . . . Some of them commanded the armies of the state, and others presided over important departments of the civil administration."

The "bad eminence" arising from the revocation of this protecting edict, belongs to Louis XIV.

His life had, to a degree beyond that of any of his predecessors, been one of military glory, courtly pomp, and worldly pleasure. Amid his excesses, however, Louis was ever and anon subject to fits of remorse; and then was seen the strange spectacle of a licentious King, with his mistresses and courtiers, attending all the services and ordinances of their church with ascetic exactitude. At one time, indeed, the monarch's life alternated pretty regularly between voluptuousness and penitence.

From an early age, the King had shown a dislike to the Huguenots, encroaching on their privileges.

interfering with the education of their children, and harassing their magistrates and clergy. He dismissed the Protestant officers from his household, and prevented Protestants from being admitted into the legal profession. "Dragoons," says the eloquent historian already quoted, "were quartered in the towns where the heretics were numerous, and in the country seats of the gentry; and the cruelty and licentiousness of these rude missionaries, were sanctioned or leniently censured by government." In 1685, Louis was privately married to Madame de Maintenon, a woman of virtue and talent. Two months later, the Edict of Nantes was revoked, and thousands of his best subjects were involved in ruin.

St Simon, a noted old French writer, gives the King three motives for this unjust and cruel act—pride, devotion, and policy; and three instigators—Louvois his minister, Madame de Maintenon, and the Jesuits. It is certain that Louvois, in order to render his own services indispensable, was desirous of war, either foreign or civil; and it is equally so that the Jesuits looked with an evil eye on heretics, who lay under the fiercest anathemas of the *Vatican*. *But it would be unfair to convict Madame*

de Maintenon of such wickedness, on the evidence of St Simon, with whom she was no favourite, since her character seems to have been kind and unbigoted. In writing to her brother, the governor of Amersford, on this very subject, she says—"Be favourable to the Catholics, and be not cruel to the Huguenots. Jesus Christ gained men's hearts by gentleness." We may therefore safely conclude, that, as the King was in a devout mood at the time, he was easily persuaded by his spiritual advisers that, in ridding his realm of heresy, he was offering a meritorious and expiatory service to God; while, on the other hand, his pride would be gratified by the humiliation of a society of men who had so often waged war on their sovereigns.

The "Grand Monarque" was one of the haughtiest of men. He boasted that he governed without a prime-minister; and yet it is curious to observe how he was led and guided by the persons around him. St Simon tells us, that, "when they wished to bring him to a particular opinion, the minister and Madame de Maintenon agreed upon it beforehand. If it was a place or post they desired to secure for a friend, the ministers showed the King his list. Should

the monarch happen, at the first glance, to remark their protégée, then they recommended that name, and kept him from going any further. If, however, he stopped at some other, the minister suggested that he should examine the whole list before deciding; and he endeavoured to bring him back to the proper person. Seldom did he expressly propose his own favourite; but he was always provided with several, whose merits he could balance, in case of need, with the view of puzzling the King. Louis would now ask his advice. The minister would once more review the candidates, give his reason for and against each, and at length fix on the one he wished appointed. The King almost always hesitated, and concluded by asking Madame de Maintenon's opinion. She was generally seated in a corner of the room, reading or spinning, as if she took no interest in the matter. On hearing Louis's question, she would seem to arouse herself from a reverie, smile, declare her ignorance of such things, say a few words about one or two of the candidates, and, finally, fixing upon him whom the minister had proposed, *would almost always decide the affair.*"

The thunderbolt was at length launched. Decree after decree appeared against the Protestants. Children were taken by force from their parents, and sent to convents. The Protestant clergy were ordered to quit France within fourteen days, while the laity were forbidden to leave the kingdom at all; and the coasts, especially towards the west, where Calvinism most prevailed, were strictly guarded. Thousands of inoffensive persons of every rank were reduced to poverty, lodged in prison, or hunted in the woods. Many were cruelly put to death. But, notwithstanding all the efforts of the government, fifty thousand families escaped to foreign lands. "In the list," observes Macaulay, "are to be found names eminent in science, in literature, and in art. Some of the exiles offered their swords to William of Orange, and distinguished themselves by the fury with which they fought against their persecutor. Others avenged themselves with weapons still more formidable; and, by means of the press of Holland, England, and Germany, inflamed, during thirty years, the public mind of Europe against the French government. A more peaceful class erected silk manu-

factories in the eastern suburbs of London. One detachment of emigrants taught the Saxons to make the stuffs and hats of which France had hitherto enjoyed a monopoly. Another planted the first vines in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope."

Thus, good eventually arose out of evil. The Protestant interest was powerfully strengthened by the French refugees, and the breach between Louis and his numerous enemies was rendered irreparable. The proud monarch lived to see the heretics whom he had despised and hated, sully the glory of his crown, defeat his armies, tear from him his conquests, and even plant hostile foot on the sacred territory of France itself. That his death was better than his life had been, was but another proof that erring man has to do with One who is full of mercy and forgiveness.

GLASGOW, *October 15, 1851.*

PREFATORY LETTER TO MY CHILDREN.

AMSTERDAM, *September* 1689.

THE tranquillity which I have enjoyed for some time in this city, has led me frequently to reflect on the different epochs of my sojourn in France—that period of mingled happiness and adversity. And, as the light afflictions with which we are visited leave on our minds an impression stronger and more lasting than the innumerable blessings that continually surround us, my thoughts seem rather inclined to dwell on the trials I endured during seven or eight years, than on the sixteen or eighteen years of felicity I spent in the society of one who was to me the best of wives, and to you the tenderest of mothers. Thus, since the time when it pleased God to call her to her rest, I often feel a sad pleasure in retracing part of the troubles

which she shared with me in 1681, the year of the commencement of the persecutions in France against the Christians of the reformed religion. I would not that the youngest of you, my dear children, should be unacquainted with your mother's virtues. On arriving at maturity, may you profit by the example of the most excellent of women,—of one who has fought the good fight of faith, and has finished her course with joy.

I commenced my journal at Mauzé, and I continue it at Amsterdam, chiefly for my four eldest children, but also for the benefit of the others. They will there see the obstacles I have had to surmount, and the difficulties against which I have had to struggle, before escaping from the persecution that desolated our unfortunate land,—a persecution in which I found myself plunged with thousands of my fellow-countrymen, many of whom are still the victims of a tyranny as cruel as it is uncalled for. I hope, also, that the reading of this narrative may lead you to reflect on the goodness of God; and that when you see how I have been enabled, with part of my family, to escape from France, you may find in it occasion to praise that

merciful Father who has chosen our household, having no especial claim to his protection, that he might make of us monuments of his love, and conduct us to these happy provinces, where we enjoy, at perfect liberty, the blessings of his holy Word. My family will also find in this journal another motive which ought to fill their hearts with the most lively gratitude. I myself committed a great crime ; nevertheless, the Almighty had pity on me. He pardoned my sin, and enabled me to place in safety my young and helpless children.

In short, each of you, for himself, will discover ample reason for admiring and adoring the wise providence of God, in the means which he employed to snatch you from dangers, of the existence of which several of you were too young to be aware.

Here, then, let me bless his holy name for all the mercies shown to me and mine ! And let me conjure you, my dear children, to manifest your gratitude by a life consecrated altogether to his service ; even to glorify him in your bodies and in your souls ! We have deserved his wrath, by neglecting his Word, and he has corrected us in mercy. *He chastiseth whom he loveth ; and I pray him*

ardently to give us grace not to despise his chastisements, nor to faint when we are rebuked of him. May he guide us by his counsel, and afterwards receive us into his glory !

JEAN MIGAULT.

SINCE it pleased God, my dear children, to take to himself your excellent mother, before most of you had known her, and when the youngest of you had scarcely opened his eyes upon the light, it has occurred to me that, one day, you might feel some desire to hear of the sorrows and anxieties which she had to suffer for you; to learn also the circumstance which forced us to quit Moullé, where we had always resided, and retire to Mougou; and how the misfortunes which weighed upon a great part of Poitou compelled us at length to leave Mougou too, and to establish ourselves at Mauzé, in which p'ace I write these memoirs.

In commencing, I may remark that your mother and I were married on the 14th January 1663. I was then eighteen years of age, and she nineteen. Immediately subsequent to this event, we settled at Moullé, in the parish of Fressine, in a little house which my father had purchased not long before his death. We there passed some years in the utmost

tranquillity; having with us my mother, who was of great use in our domestic arrangements; for we were still too young to manage well the numerous boarders and other pupils already committed to our care.

Like my father, I was a student; and I succeeded him at the same time in his profession and in the little property of which he was owner. I commenced during his lifetime to officiate as clerk in our church at Mougou; and he had the satisfaction, on his deathbed, to learn that I was called permanently to that office, the functions of which, as well as those of elder and of secretary, he had fulfilled during more than forty years. Young as I was, I had a strong sense of my insufficiency to the performance of so many and such diversified duties; but God, on this occasion, as on others, deigned to come to my help. Nor must I forget that I was greatly supported by the presence of my dear mother, who, however, was removed by death five years after my marriage.

I will not bring before your notice the detail of the various circumstances which, during fifteen or seventeen years, marked our sojourn at Moullé; my design being solely to inform you of those which obliged us to quit that residence, at the moment when, after many difficulties and expenses, we thought ourselves established in so pleasant a situation.

Eleven of you already surrounded us in 1680 ; and as we began to observe the lowering of the storm which has since burst in so terrible a manner, nothing less than divine grace could have sustained and preserved us amid the anxiety incident to the care of so large a family. But we were firmly persuaded that even if we, to whom Providence had committed you, should find ourselves compelled to leave our dear ones in the hands of strangers, you would still be objects of the care of your Heavenly Father. During this time, our temporal interests were in a flourishing condition. Our establishment became more and more extensive ; and the end of each year found us happier than we had been at its commencement. Our time, indeed, flowed on insensibly in joy and gratitude, and without our experiencing a feeling of envy at the success of any around us.

Notwithstanding the labours inseparable from the direction of a numerous school, I found opportunity also to exercise the functions of notary until 1681. I had received this charge in 1670, from the Lord of Mougou. But a declaration, published in 1681 by the government of his Majesty, excluded the Protestants from all civil employments, suppressed all offices or posts of emolument connected with our religion, and took from the greater part of our brethren their sole means of gaining a livelihood.

It is with sorrow, I am forced to add, that this rigour induced a large number of them to renounce their faith ; and, though happily not guilty of this shameful apostasy ourselves, we found it impossible to remain longer in Moullé. A change of residence appeared to be absolutely necessary, if we would preserve our school.

The members of our consistory now invited me in the most urgent terms to establish myself at Mougou, and offered me the annual salary of sixty francs, on condition that I should continue to perform the duties of clerk and secretary. It was not without much hesitation that we accepted their proposal, both your mother and myself feeling sad forebodings of the troubles that awaited us at Mougou ; but at length I went to that village, and sought a suitable dwelling for my family. The curé, who has since displayed a degree of wickedness and baseness, of which I had then but little suspicion, recommended to me a house belonging to a lady of his acquaintance, which he persuaded me to hire. But, in the month of February, when I was on the point of removing my furniture to it, the curé not only declared to me that I never should inhabit that house, but also threatened in the most furious manner to bring upon me the severest misfortunes, should I have the audacity to fix my residence *within the limits* of what he called " his territory."

I was not, however, to be hindered by his menaces ; so, applying to a friend who had a house to let, I engaged it, and without farther delay, on the 13th February 1681, took up my abode in Mougou with my dear wife, you my children, and twelve boarders.

We lived in Mougou quietly enough for four or five months, until the arrival of a regiment of cavalry—that regiment which caused the ruin of so many estimable families in Poitou. These troops were distributed among several villages, and always billeted on the Protestants, whom they never left till they had reduced them to a condition of absolute destitution, while no soldiers were allowed to be lodged in the houses of the Papists.

Every day we saw persons, who till then had made profession of the true faith, go in crowds to hear mass—a circumstance the more shameful, that this renunciation of their religion generally took place as soon as the dragoons crossed the threshold of their dwellings, and before they had experienced the slightest inconvenience. I remember seeing, one day, in the parish of Fressine, a private soldier make three of the principal families in the place embrace Papacy in two hours' time. The soldier, whose regiment was quartered at Vouillé, had come to Fressine merely for the purpose of airing his horse, when it occurred to him to *present to the Protestants some scraps of paper*

which he happened to have in his pocket, and which he pretended were billeting orders. He had no need to seek for other arguments.

The facility with which so many thus changed their religion, aggravated seriously the sufferings of those who felt strength enough to remain firm and unshaken. In a few days their houses were crowded with soldiers; for, according to the plan which the military had adopted, the soldiers lodged with a Protestant family were, upon the apostasy of their host, transferred to the house of the nearest of his brethren who remained true to his faith. Thus the number of these cruel guests continually increased in the dwellings of those who consented to suffer the loss of all things that they might win Christ, and who regarded godliness as the greatest gain.

In general, the troop did not abandon a parish so long as there remained, in the house of a member of the Reformed Church, a single article of furniture or other effects which it was possible to turn into money. They exacted fifteen francs for superior officers, nine francs for a lieutenant, three francs for a private, and thirty sols for the meanest individual attached to the regiment. When this monstrous extortion ceased to be paid, the goods and cattle of the unfortunates were immediately sold; or, if they did not possess these, any other

property they might have, even to their clothes, was mercilessly seized upon.

That many Papists should have profited by so good an opportunity of replenishing their stables with horses, their farms with cattle, and their houses with furniture, is not surprising; for the officer rarely paid attention to the real value of what he ordered for sale, and generally sold the goods to the first bidder.



Thus the faithful servants of Christ, after having supported their oppressors—some for ten days, others for twenty, or even a longer time—at last endeavoured to evade the fury of their enemies by flying during the night, with their wives and children, and wandering in the woods, without nourishment and often even without garments.

I shall not easily forget a distressing scene of which I was witness, three or four days before the arrival of the soldiers in our village. Being called by business to La Bessière, I met, in returning, a lady of my acquaintance, who was flying through the fields with three children, one at the breast, and the others holding by their mother's hand. It is impossible to depict the consternation of this unfortunate woman. She ran on, without knowing whither she went, believing always that the dragoons were in pursuit; and as she feared to slacken her *pace* for a moment, I could obtain from her no

coherent reply to my questions. I learned afterwards, however, with true satisfaction, that she managed to escape; and that, though she passed many days and nights in a bleak country, without shelter, and most of the time without nourishment, these frightful privations did not materially affect her health nor that of her children.

For some time the tempest had muttered around us, though we did not begin to be ourselves the object of its fury until Wednesday, 22d August 1681. In the course of the morning of that day, as we came out of church, where we had been offering our accustomed prayers, we perceived a troop of cavalry, commanded by M. De La Brique, approach us at the gallop, and take position around the church-yard. The hostile demonstration of these men carried terror to the hearts of the most courageous among us. I had scarcely entered my house when the quarter-master presented himself, holding in his hand a billet-order; and, without quitting his saddle, he demanded, in an imperious tone, if it was our intention to become Roman Catholics. This was the accustomed method of conversion used by these proselyters. On being solemnly assured by your excellent mother and myself that we would not change our religion, he turned his horse's head and scampered off.

We were alone in the house, having taken the



precaution of sending you all away some days previously. Your maternal grandmother, with whom you now live, had departed with John and Louis to the château of Grand Breuil, belonging to Madame De la Bessière; Anne, Pierre, and Elizabeth were concealed in the château of Gascongnolle with M. Magnen; Jacques was with the widow of my cousin Abraham; Charles and Gabriel with M. Jean Collon; Jeanne and Marie at Niort, with my cousin Tuyonnet; and Philemon at the Grand Port de Périgné, with M. Louis Collon. The only one of our children who was not at that time distant from us was René, then an infant of seventeen days' old, whom we had confided to the care of a Papist in our neighbourhood, whose wife had engaged to nurse him till he should be two years of age.

The quarter-master had not been gone from our door more than a minute, when he returned in company with the commander of the troop, M. de la Brique. This officer demanded of me what sum I intended giving him—informing me at the same time, that he should regulate the number of soldiers to be lodged in my house according to the degree of liberality I might show. On my protesting that I really had no money at my disposal, he proceeded, with an air of the greatest coolness, to examine minutely every corner of the house and premises, *including the stable*, and he then withdrew.

Immediately after his departure, we beheld a couple of soldiers approaching, who presented their billet-papers ; and who, after putting their horses into my stable, ordered a dinner sufficient, at the very least, for twenty persons. While this repast was being prepared, two of their comrades entered, presenting also their papers ; and these had scarcely left the house, to look after their horses, when the number was increased by the appearance of a fifth. This man, after supplying his steed with all that was necessary, seated himself without ceremony in my parlour.

The presence and insults of five soldiers, the most overbearing of men, as insatiable in their demands as they were ferocious in their manners, were not considered a sufficient vexation to inflict on a poor and inoffensive individual. The five were joined by other four, who, under pretence that the hay they had found was not of the best quality, excelled their companions in the coarsest and most blasphemous imprecations. The entire troop now demanded, with horrid menaces, different articles, which it was quite impossible to procure in our little village ; and, upon my informing them that these could not be had without sending to Niort, a distance of two leagues, they permitted me to leave the house in order to obtain them. My *first care was to go to the residence of some Roman*

Catholic ladies, whose habitation was adjoining to my own, and indeed communicated with it by a little hidden door; and I besought them to aid me in sending to Niort for provisions. They had only begun to reply to me, when they were interrupted by the appearance of six horsemen at their door, who asked to be directed to my house. The ladies showed it to them; and then declared to me that my utter ruin was evidently resolved upon, as might be easily seen from the successive arrival of such a number of soldiers. They next counselled me, in the most earnest manner, not to venture to appear again before them, their intention being, without doubt, to drag me by force to the Romish church; and they insisted that the plan of the curé aimed at nothing short of my destruction. In fine, they declared that it would be the height of imprudence in me to re-enter my house, while the worst consequences that could result from my absenting myself would be the loss of my furniture.

I felt all the force of this reasoning, well knowing that a great number of our brethren had been compelled to go to Roman Catholic churches; and that, although they had resisted to the utmost the efforts made to oblige them to take part in the rites and ceremonies of Romish worship, their enemies had nevertheless reported sedulously that not only they *had obeyed* their orders in entering the building,

but that they had made a formal retraction of the Protestant faith.

I did not dissemble to the ladies that, in truth, I had little desire to present myself again before these cruel men; but "My poor wife," I added—"it is impossible for me to quit her!"


You will easily conceive, my dear children, the violence of my sorrow under such painful circumstances. I saw peace and comfort banished from my home, and at a time, too, when your mother, who had but barely recovered from a confinement, had great need of repose. Had it not been for the brutal invasion of the soldiery, she would have remained in bed for some days longer, for she was very weak and delicate; but, without pitying her condition, our merciless guests compelled her to rise, refusing to leave even our own bedroom at our disposal.

My obliging neighbours promised that, if I would depart, they would never abandon my wife, assuring me in the most solemn manner, that, ere the day was out, they would procure for her the means of escape, in spite of all the difficulties which might attend the enterprise, and the terrible consequences which their protecting her might bring upon themselves.

I lifted my heart to God. I implored his blessing and his wisdom, and I prayed him to direct my

footsteps. All the misfortunes which might result from my returning to the house presented themselves to my mind ; and I resolved to submit myself implicitly to the counsel of these worthy friends. After repeating their consoling promises regarding your mother, one of the ladies conducted me by a back street to a garden surrounded by high walls, and not more than a hundred yards distant from the house. She left me in this place, carefully locking the door behind her. It was then between three and four o'clock, and I remained in the garden till eight in the evening, my imagination continually tortured by the idea of your poor mother. I seemed to hear her voice ; I thought she reproached me with having abandoned her at the moment when she had the greatest need of support. Alas ! alas ! my dear children, my imagination was far from exaggerating the sufferings of that noble woman. All I had pictured to myself, frightful as the picture was, fell short of the treatment she had to suffer during the five or six hours I passed shut up in the garden ; and that she did not expire under the hands of her torturers, I can only attribute to the protection of a kind providence.

It seems that the soldiers no sooner suspected I had got out of their power, than one of them followed your mother to an apartment, whither, in spite of the pain under which she laboured, she



had dragged herself, to fetch them some wine which they demanded, and, striking her a violent blow, led her back into the parlour. There this man, mingling the most barbarous irony with his cruelty, represented to her, that, in her condition, it was necessary she should be kept as warm as possible; and he then, with his companions, put her into the recess of the large chimney-place and heaped fuel upon the fire until the heat was perfectly insupportable. The soldiers now amused themselves by throwing parts of our furniture into the flame, seeking, at the same time to overcome the constancy of their victim by outraging the holy name of God, and by threatening to burn her alive if she did not renounce Protestantism. Latterly the heat was so intense that the men themselves could not remain near the chimney, being forced to relieve each other every two or three minutes in standing guard over your mother. She, knowing Him in whom she believed, never lost for a moment her peace of soul. Mildly and firmly she repelled the importunities with which they sought to force her to change her religion; until at last, losing consciousness, she ceased altogether to be sensible of the insults and outrages of these monsters.

I must not forget to inform you that one of the ladies before-mentioned was present at this scene of horror. She threw herself at the feet of the

officer, conjuring him to show mercy to my wife; but what could her prayers and supplications effect? They were as the breath of an infant opposed to the blast of a hurricane; and your mother would inevitably have perished, had not God in his mercy sent her a protector as devoted as he was unexpected.

We were far from imagining, three days before this, on witnessing the departure of the prior, that we should so soon attribute to this circumstance the preservation of her who was so dear to us; but providence acts by means the most unlikely in the estimation of man, and the child of God recognises his Father's hand in incidents to which others deign not to give their attention. Thus he who knows that the hairs of his head are all numbered, and that the Lord keeps him as the apple of his eye, will never overlook nor deem unimportant the smallest event which He brings to pass.

The vicar, M. Billon, who just at this moment arrived in our parish to officiate in absence of the prior, was an excellent man, and had long honoured me with his friendship. He was surrounded by a circle of parishioners, when some one entered and mentioned the treatment to which my wife was exposed. Without the slightest delay the good man ran to our house, and, using the united influence which his high character and his profession as a clergyman

gave him, he contrived to withdraw your mother from the hands of her torturers, though not till he had been obliged to promise to give her up to them again, if he should be unable by his exhortations and arguments to incline her to embrace the Romish religion. Our neighbours, the friendly ladies, determined at all risks to fulfil the promise they had made to me, now seized the opportunity of conducting your mother, more dead than alive, into another apartment; and, when the vicar would have followed, they made him retire, informing him that it was absolutely necessary she should be left alone with them for some time. Immediately on his going out, they led her, with as much promptitude as resolution, to their own house, through the little concealed door of which I have already spoken. She then, with great difficulty followed them up stairs to the garret, where they concealed her under a quantity of linen which happened to be lying about; and then these good souls, having finished their precautions, returned to the apartment where they had left the vicar. "Where is my prisoner?" demanded he. "She is no longer within the power of these monsters in human shape," was their reply. "Well, well," rejoined M. Billon, "may the Almighty grant his merciful protection to her and her husband!" and without taking leave of the soldiers, the vicar left the house.

It would be needless to detail the conduct of the dragoons, when they found that both victims had escaped from their tyrannical grasp. Their fury knew no bounds. They carried their search into our neighbours' house, and even the garret did not escape their observation; but happily the heap of clothes was the only thing they neglected to examine. The unfortunate raised her voice to God, and God heard her prayer.

After this unavailing scrutiny, their fury was in some degree appeased by the appearance of Jean Dillot, who, perceiving that soldiers had been sent to lodge in my house, had left his own affairs at Boigmartin, and come with all speed to Mougou, to lend me any assistance in his power. Most probably they would have wreaked their rage upon him, had not one of the band remembered that, some time before, this poor man had rendered a service to their officer. He remained all night in the house, serving these terrible guests with whatever they thought good to demand.

Next morning the whole of our parish made a formal abjuration of their faith, with the exception of about twenty families, who, flying from their houses on the approach of the cavalry, dispersed themselves in the woods. Our beds, our linens, our clothes, all, in short, that we possessed, were sold or destroyed. The property which those who fled

left in their dwellings shared the same fate. And when M. de la Brique found that no more mischief could possibly be wrought at Mougon, he led his troop to Souché, where he committed the same acts of tyranny, and overwhelmed with the same calamities the faithful Protestants whom he found there.

But to return to my poor wife. Our generous friends instructed me, without loss of time, of all that had taken place; and it was agreed that, when night had set in, she and I should rejoin each other in a part of the forest situated near the junction of the roads leading to Mougon and to Niort. At that hour the soldiers were too busily engaged drinking our wine to observe our movements; so, making a circuit by the other side of Thorigné, we arrived without much danger at the place of rendezvous. My wife was accompanied by two of the ladies, who had taken her in their cabriolet. How blessed did I feel it to see these good Papists unite their voices to ours in thanks to our common Father for having so mercifully delivered us!

With hearts overflowing with lively gratitude, we took leave of our inestimable friends, and proceeded to the château de Gascongnolles, where we arrived about eleven o'clock. M. Magnien welcomed us in the most hospitable manner; *and, in compliance* with his wishes, we laid our-

selves down to rest ; but our minds were too much shaken to permit of sleep closing our eyelids. Every noise that reached our ears seemed the terrible sound of horses' feet, and every voice the cry of the dreadful soldiery. We felt ourselves too near to Mougou, and determined to go to Niort, distant about two leagues, where we arrived at break of day.

We lodged in the house of the Ladies Monestier, and passed two days without leaving our chamber ; at the end of which time I departed for Grand Breuil, to see your grandmother, who had taken charge of Jean and Louis. I then rejoined your mother, who almost immediately returned to Gascongnolles, where she had the first information of the destruction of one half of our property and the sale of the rest. Shortly afterwards she returned to Mougou, with Anne, Pierre, and Elizabeth, and repurchased part of our furniture and effects. But very few of those into whose hands they had fallen would relinquish them for the price she was able to offer, although they had bought them for a mere trifle—what had cost us a hundred francs having been sold for five, and other articles in proportion.

I now found myself absolutely unemployed, and I knew not how I should provide for the wants of my numerous family. Without any distinct *object in view*, I went to Grand Breuil, accom-

panied by Jacques and Gabriel, and from thence I departed for La Rochelle. I found in this city many families of our religion, who, in consequence of the bad treatment received from the soldiery, or of the fear which their approach occasioned, had fled thither from different parts of the neighbourhood. Of these, a great number embarked for Holland, England, and Ireland, and many for Carolina. It is impossible to describe the consternation into which the poor people—none of whom had been guilty of any fault, but who, on the contrary, were all worthy of esteem—were plunged. Indeed, the deplorable circumstances which forced them to quit their native land, were such as might have melted any heart. The fear of losing their children, if they remained in the country, was what decided the greater number of them to emigrate.

I considered the possibility of our own departure ; but, circumstanced as I then was, with so many children scattered over so wide a space, I knew not what measures to adopt for the accomplishment of this object. I took, once more, the road to Grand Breuil, with my eldest boy and girl, and there I spent all the vintage season ; when, perceiving at length that the cavalry had gone to some distance from our village, I yielded to the advice of my *friends, and, flattering myself, at the same time,*

that we had no reason to fear further persecutions, returned to Mougou.

I now ventured once more to assemble around me the whole of my family, including your grandmother ; some of our old boarders, even, returned, eager to place themselves under my care ; our school resumed its activity : in short, we comforted ourselves with the hope that henceforth we should be permitted to continue our legitimate and innocent occupations.

This agreeable dream lasted no longer than fifteen days. In the commencement of October, a troop, commanded by M. de Mal-Fontayne, made its appearance in Thorigné, a neighbouring parish, inhabited principally by Protestants. During the first military persecution that took place, a very small number only were led to renounce their faith. The curé of the parish was furious ; and he was most eager to excite the soldiers to acts of tyranny and refinements of cruelty, of which he himself made jest, and in comparison with which their former conduct had been innocence and benignity. Once more the inhabitants of Thorigné displayed a constancy, courage, and patience beyond eulogium. Few were the examples among them of apostasy ; and the forest was a second time filled with unfortunate fugitives.

Shuddering at the sight of what was taking place

around us, we resolved again to quit Mougou, with all our family, and to put ourselves under the protection of Madame de la Bessière, who offered us an asylum in her château.

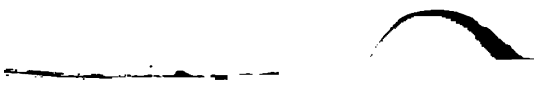
We fixed our departure for the evening of the last day of October. I had borrowed a horse to carry Marie, Elizabeth, and René, who were too young to travel on foot. Your poor mother had made up some parcels of what linens and clothes had been left us. At last all our arrangements were completed, and we had no more to do than to commence our journey.

Nothing is truer than the old adage that "man proposes and God disposes." It pleased God to overthrow all our projects; and I love to believe that on this occasion not one of us was guilty of a murmur or complaint, which would indeed have been as useless as impious. The curé, bent on my ruin, sent to M. de Mal-Fontayne, requiring him to march without delay upon Mougou, where, except M. de la Chaboissière and M. de la Morinière, we were then the only Protestant family. My wife was there, with three of the youngest children, when she beheld the soldiers enter by both of our doors at the same time. Surprised at the suddenness of their appearance, she had only time to snatch up Marie and Elizabeth, and to escape by the little secret passage to which she had on a *former occasion* owed her safety. Our neighbours

did not fail in their wonted friendship. In a twinkling your mother and the two little ones were hidden in the protecting garret, and buried under a mass of linen. The soldiers had no sooner alighted from their horses than they commenced a most rigorous investigation in our house, as well as in that of our benefactresses. Your mother and I were, as you may suppose, the principal objects of their research. And here, my dear children, I would have you remark the paternal solicitude of God towards us. Your little sisters, who, during the whole of that sad day, and particularly during the three hours which they passed confined and half suffocated under the linen, had been extremely fretful and noisy, seemed, when the wicked curé and two of the soldiers were searching the apartment, hardly even to breathe, they were so silent. The parcel of linen gave no suspicion, and was passed by untouched, as on the former occasion. Also, as one of our enemies, whether the curé or a soldier I do not know, entered our house, he found in his way little Pierre, only four years of age, who was weeping bitterly and calling upon his mother. The heartless man raised him from the ground, and hurled him with violence from one end of the apartment to another; yet the poor infant received no material wound. His fright, however, was *excessive, and he fled into the garden, where a woman*

observing him as he sought to hide himself in a lit avenue of bushes, took him home to her house, or the unfortunate child must have remained there all night.

At the moment when the cavalry arrived, your grandmother was engaged in preparing the oven for baking bread. She took refuge in a neighbour's house, and had the good fortune to gather around her four of the children who had wandered into the streets. I have said that, as we proposed departing, my wife had made up our linen and clothes into parcels for convenience of carriage. Each soldier took what pleased him, and the troop bootied the remainder, as well as the bedding and earthenware, with a new-made Catholic for a few pints of bad wine, which he would otherwise have found much difficulty in disposing of at any price. The curé took part in their conviviality, although not, I believe, to excess; and when the wine was finished, he sent for carpenters and ordered them to cut to pieces all the furniture that remained in the house and could not be turned into money. They then next broke down the partitions and destroyed the windows, thirty-six in number, absolutely annihilating, so far as was in their power, every thing that came in their way. The house long remained in this desolate condition, a worthy monument of indefatigable barbarity which characterised the cruel and undeserved persecution.



Your mother was all this while within hearing of the fracas of the work of destruction; for a single wall only separated her from our persecutors, and the cries of her little Pierre, with the horrid imprecations of the soldiers, fell distinctly upon her ear. In the course of the night she left her retreat, along with her two daughters, and found a temporary refuge in the house of the good woman who was nursing our last infant, aged only three months.

This baby was now almost at the point of death; and my unfortunate wife would not have failed, under other circumstances, to have devoted every moment of her time to the poor innocent. But prudence hindered her from remaining in the house; and, though she felt her heart like to break at leaving her expiring infant, still your mother forgot not that eleven others claimed her solicitude and tenderness. She committed the little one to the care of the nurse, whose kind and compassionate character inspired her with confidence; and she herself went to the house of M. Champion, a Protestant minister, in hopes of there hearing news of me. We had not seen each other since the moment when I left the house to procure a horse, of which we had need in execution of our projected flight. You may easily imagine the anguish that each of us felt in thinking of the other.

It was rather late in the evening, when, as I re-

turned from seeing the friend of whom I meant to borrow the horse, and whose residence was at some little distance, I heard of the second occupation of our house. I was accompanied by the faithful Dillot, who was determined to second us in our intended attempt to escape to the château of Grand Breuil. We were about a quarter of a league from Mougou, when we were startled by the sudden appearance of a dragoon, who was in conversation with the son of M. de la Chaboissière. He demanded gruffly, and not without a torrent of oaths, if we were Catholics; and truth obliges me to confess that I gave an affirmative answer to his question. Happily he did not push his inquiries farther; and the young de la Chaboissière having stepped aside a pace or two while his dangerous companion was arranging his steed, whispered me to beware of entering Mougou,—that the soldiers were in search of me, and were already masters of my house. On hearing this I immediately alighted from horseback; and, after begging him to take the animal to M. Champion, Dillot and I, favoured by the obscurity of the night, went to the house of the baby's nurse. There I learned that your mother, having eluded the vigilance of the soldiers, had, some minutes previously, paid a visit to the same woman, on her way to the house of M. Champion.

I bestowed one glance and one kiss on our dying



infant. Alas! they were the last;—he expired during the night.

Shall I be believed when I write, that the succeeding day (1st Nov.) the miserable curé, immediately on receiving intelligence of the death of my child, came to find the husband of the nurse, who was a Papist, and used every influence which his station gave him over the mind of his parishioner, and that, too, in the most eager manner, to persuade him to throw to the dogs the body of the innocent creature! But this honest man, though he feigned to accede to the horrid proposal, carried the remains of my infant to M. Champion, who caused it to be interred in the portion of the cemetery reserved for Protestants.

The news of the decease of our little one did not reach us till after the lapse of four days. No sooner had I rejoined my wife at the clergyman's, than we felt the necessity of quitting the canton. We sent Dillot along with another person to assemble the children, and he returned with the two eldest and Pierre, having left Louis, Madelon, and your grandmother, in the house of a friend. We then commenced our retreat, resolved to travel all night, though we had but one horse, on which I placed my wife, who carried Elizabeth in her arms. Pierre and Marie were in panniers on either side; and I, along with the two elder, followed on foot. To-

wards midnight we reached a farm belonging to one of our acquaintances ; and, after reposing there for a little while, we continued our route till we arrived at the château of Grand Breuil. Dillot conducted you all, one after another, as well as your grandmother, to this hospitable asylum, until at length, by the goodness of God, our family saw itself united under the same roof.

Meanwhile, the persecution, far from subsiding, continued in all its fury. Few days passed without our receiving news from Mougou and the neighbouring places. From these districts the unfortunate fugitives dispersed themselves through all the province, a great number of them traversing the country where we were. The presentation of billet-papers by the soldiers was a formality which was now dispensed with ; it sufficed that a family persisted in their faith, to give the right to invade their domicile, to devour their substance, and to sell or destroy what the soldiers did not consume. And the thirst of booty was not confined to the military ; there were but too many citizens, and above all, those newly converted to Popery, who, animated by the same spirit, played the part of informers, and profited by the pillage.

It was rarely that the inhabitants who bought the stolen effects paid for them above a sous in the *franc* of the amount they had really cost. They

did not therefore lack the means, but unfortunately the will, to restore to the innocent victims of arbitrary power the property of which they had been despoiled. As to my own goods, which had been given to M. Baulier, in exchange for a few pints of trashy wine, I persuaded myself that it would not be very difficult for me to recover them, especially as he was my debtor for the board and education of his eldest son at Moullé. But our first interview undeceived me: he neither would let me have my property nor pay me what he owed me. There were also many others who retained, unjustly, articles which they knew belonged to me, and for which they had not paid the one-twentieth part of their value. I refrain from recording their names; for I do not wish to inspire the minds of my children with one feeling of enmity. The unjust detention of my furniture and clothes, added little to their wealth and nothing to their happiness; but I pardon them with all my heart; they have not been able to take from us the true riches. We had confided our souls to the eternal faithfulness of our God, and we were persuaded that what he had promised he would perform. And He whose goodness extends over all his works, who gives food to the ravens, and in whom none who put their confidence shall ever know a want unsupplied, did not abandon us *in our time of need*:

When we quitted Mougou, no doubt we considered ourselves as miserable outlaws, badly clothed, and quite unable to procure necessary food; nevertheless cold never assailed us without our finding the means to secure ourselves from its bitterness, nor hunger without our receiving sufficient to appease it. No sooner was Madame de la Bessière informed that we had chosen her château for our place of refuge, than she hastened to send the keys of it, and to put at our disposal her corn, her wine, and her wood. Thus, this worthy and exemplary Christian lady was the instrument of Providence in saving our lives, and in providing us with what was requisite to render existence happy and comfortable.

During the whole month of November, Centre Poitou continued to be the theatre of those abominable scenes of which I have drawn only a feeble picture; but in the commencement of December, when the regiments were on the point of entering Lower Poitou, there to exercise the same ravages as in High and Centre Poitou, a government order withdrew them at once from that unhappy country; to the undisguised mortification of a great number of people who had not yet managed fully to supply their houses with furniture, or their farms with cattle.

Towards the end of this month, we began seriously to think of again regaining footing in our unfortu-

nate Mougou, feeling that it would be indelicate in us to prolong any farther our stay at the château. However, we experienced much repugnance at the idea of re-establishing ourselves in a place where, in less than nine months we had suffered such an excess of calamity; and it was with pleasure that we received from the members of the Consistory of Mauzé an unexpected invitation to superintend the instruction of the Protestant children of that city, the preceding preceptor having apostatized. On the other hand, I had much pain in resolving to quit my functions in the church, where for twenty years I had been clerk and secretary, and had conducted the singing of the holy psalms. I knew not how to separate myself from the brethren of our community, who manifested towards me the warmest attachment, and so many of whom had remained firm in their faith, notwithstanding the horrors by which they were surrounded. The numerous families who had fled from the persecution had returned, and waited for me with impatience. My wife and I stood in a painful condition of uncertainty and perplexity; and perhaps we should have decided on resuming our place at Mougou, but, at length, the earnest and repeated entreaties of two friends, whose children were committed to our care, put an end to our irresolution, and induced us to give the preference to Mauzé.


On 31st January 1682, we quitted Grand Breuil, and arrived at Mauzé, where we established ourselves in a house belonging to M. de Ranques, and which was named "the Breuil of Mauzé."

Whatever reproaches may be made against us for transplanting our seminary to this city, I assure you, my dear children, that at least we have not to blame ourselves with deciding on the step before asking of God, by the most fervent prayer, grace to do nothing which could compromise our eternal welfare, or turn out contrary to his glory.

We had no sooner gone to Mauzé than we received a number of day-scholars, and the old boarders, whom we had been obliged to send to their homes, returned in crowds to our school. Neither your mother nor I could complain of want of occupation, while the produce of our labour amply sufficed for the support of our family, and we were blessed with the goodwill of all around us.

This flow of prosperity continued until the end of the life of my dear companion; and I ought to render thanks to God that her last days ebbed away in peace, and that she escaped the trials and afflictions which still awaited us.

On Sunday, 28th February 1683, my beloved wife yielded her happy spirit to her Saviour. The preceding Sunday she had given birth to Olivier. Her



confinement had been easy, and presented no alarming symptom; but twenty-four hours afterwards she took a fever, which only ceased with her life. During the greater part of this week of sorrow, she was in a state of deep drowsiness; however she would hold my hand almost constantly pressed in hers; and I saw her from time to time make an effort to regard me with tenderness, as if, in this way, striving to express some thought with which her mind was filled.

On the second day of her fever, feeling her hand compressing mine with more than usual firmness, I asked her if there was any thing which she desired to say to me. "I die, my dear friend," replied she; "my consolation is in the assurance that our poor children will never cease to be the objects of thy most tender care." She had not strength to continue this conversation. Some time subsequently, perceiving that she opened her eyes, I asked her if she would not like to see her little infant. "Bring him to me," she replied, and I immediately brought him. Extending her feeble arms, the dying mother embraced her last-born, and gazing on him with a fond love, "My dear child," she said, "may God bless thee." She then hastened to return him to me.


Whenever she heard me sigh, her eyes sought to meet mine, and she strove to console me—"Heaven

be praised, my beloved friend," she said, "I am firm in the faith; I die happy."

M. de la Forêt, our good pastor, paid her frequent visits, and nothing can equal the kindness of Madame de la Forêt. To the last moment, they lavished upon my dear wife the most touching attentions.

I am unable to dwell longer on the circumstances of her rapid malady, or on her death, so sad for us all. I feel, in writing, my heart ready to break. Your mother lived in the fear and in the love of God, and the study of his holy Word was her greatest delight even from her infancy. She was equally conversant with the history of the martyrs; and she read with eagerness all the works that had a tendency to fortify her mind against the fear of death. She gave, also, a great part of her time and attention to the psalms, which she knew so well, and which were so deeply engraven on her memory, that in her sleep during the night it was not unusual for me to hear her sing parts of them. I had taught her the tunes shortly after our marriage. I remember, the second night of her last illness, when a prey to the devouring fever, and apparently in a state of absolute torpor, she began to sing, intelligibly, but with a dying voice, these few lines:—

L'ombre et l'obscurité,
Couvrent sa majesté;



Ses divins jugemens
Sont les sûrs fondemens
De son trône. *

Observing that she did not finish the last line, I awoke her softly, and, hardly able to restrain my sobs, I besought her to continue—"Continue! what?" demanded she. "You were singing just now, my love, and you have not finished the last verse." She made me repeat what she had sung, looked at me with a kind smile, and then sank into her ordinary condition of exhausted drowsiness.

Imitate, my beloved children, imitate that best of mothers; and forget not, that if you would, like her, die the death of the righteous, your life must resemble hers, in lively and humble faith, and good works.

That each one of you may live such a life, and die such a death, is the wish dearest to the heart of your affectionate father,


JEAN MIGAULT.

MAUZE, *April* 1683.

If God, in his providence, had permitted us to remain at Mauzé, and there to pursue our occupa-

* This is a French metrical translation of Psalm xcvi., v. 2—"Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

tions in peace, perhaps the death of your mother would have been the limit of my narrative. But in his wisdom and goodness, which I adore with gratitude, he saw fit to contribute to our eternal salvation, and even to the advancement of our earthly happiness, by means which, at the time, were little understood by our limited reason, but which were, without doubt, the most efficacious for the accomplishment of his merciful intentions regarding us. If he obliged us to quit Mauzé, and at last even our native country, it was to conduct us to a land of peace and liberty, where we could, without fear or inquietude, worship his holy name. Since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Protestants of France have been plunged in an abyss of misery, in which they struggle at the present moment; while we enjoy the most perfect safety within the walls of this happy metropolis. I will endeavour, then, to trace, in few words, the toil and sufferings we have endured since the death of your poor mother, until the time of our arrival in Amsterdam. Some of you are still at a distance from me; some are scarcely out of infancy; but, another day, when you are all more advanced in life, and all united in these provinces, I venture to hope that the divine blessing may accompany the reading of this memoir; and that it will not be without its use to you, *my dear children*, in putting you in mind, on the



one hand, of the blessings for which you have to thank the Lord, and on the other, in disposing you to walk in the ways of his commandments.


In order to continue regularly the line of my narrative, I will return to the sad event which terminated the first section of it. My new sorrows followed close upon the death of my wife; alas, I was not destined, after losing her, to enjoy one hour of peace upon the soil of France!

Twelve days later than the sad event, there appeared a royal declaration, interdicting all Protestant teachers from receiving boarders into their houses. Under other circumstances, such an announcement would have occasioned me very serious anxiety, since my boarders were my principal means of support; but I was then so absorbed in the sorrow which your mother's loss occasioned me, that I heard it spoken of with absolute indifference.

Our venerable minister M. de la Forêt, in acquainting me with the news, said that he hoped I would support the blow with pious resignation, considering it as one of those afflictions by which it pleases the Most High to try his people. I did not hesitate to obey the mandate of the King, and distributed my six boarders in different houses, awaiting the instructions of their parents, who lived at considerable distances from each other, and all of them far from Mauzé. They came immediately to

visit their children ; and, approving of the manner in which I had placed them, besought me to continue their education, just as when they lived under my own roof.

But, a few months afterwards, another difficulty arose. The Roman Catholic teacher, who, some time before had renounced Protestantism, got me to be cited by the procurator-fiscal before the judge of Mauzé, for eluding, as he called it, the terms of the King's declaration, in permitting my scholars to sing psalms, and in giving them lessons in music, whilst I ought to confine myself to their instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic. I obeyed the citation ; and, the parties being heard, the judge ordered that each of us should produce our respective memorials. Whilst M. Barbolin (such was the name of my adversary) busied himself in investigations necessary to the forwarding of his cause, our Consistory, taking the deepest interest in the matter, presented a memorial, which was delivered at the same time to the procurator-fiscal, the judge, and the opposing party, wherein they expressed their intention of making common cause with me, and required that the affair should be remitted to the decision of the Council of State, alleging the incompetency of the judge to try it. This step put an end, at once, to the process ; and the curate of Mauzé saw himself deprived, for that time at least, of the pleasure



which he expected from the sight of the entire destruction of our opportunity of worship.

It was not long after this event, that we received news of several regiments of dragoons being in full march upon Poitou, commissioned to ruin without mercy the Protestant families which the horrible ravages of 1681 had not forced to quit the province.


We were also informed of the arbitrary and iniquitous proceedings of the supreme courts, and of the Intendants of provinces, in the exercise of their newly-acquired authority of pronouncing definitely, and without appeal, in all actions commenced against our churches. We very soon perceived that accusation and condemnation were with them synonymous terms. When no real cause of complaint existed, a pretended one was invented; and by these means all the Reformed Churches, not only in Poitou, but in the entire kingdom, were soon either destroyed, or laid under interdict.

Our church at Mauzé, however, escaped, for the moment, the universal desolation; and, almost until the period of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, not only was the little temple suffered to remain unmolested, but we enjoyed the still more unusual consolation of preserving our pious pastor in the midst of us, and of receiving, as before, the blessing of his spiritual instructions. Thus, temporally freed from the miseries which bore down so many other

cities, Mauzé, during a whole year, was crowded with a large number of our Protestant brethren, to such a degree, that, notwithstanding the precautions which we deemed it our duty to take, it became impossible to know all the persons to whom we delivered tokens of admission to the Lord's table.

Several of you, doubtless, still remember the companies of people by whom our house was filled every Sunday evening. It was the same with all the faithful Protestants in the place; the inns and lodging-houses were occupied to overflowing; and more than once I have seen the market-place filled with these zealous Christians, who had been unable to find more agreeable lodgings. The people who thus flocked to Mauzé, to hear the preaching of the Word, and to receive the consolation of a spiritual ministry, belonged to churches which were under interdict, as those of Rochelle, Marans, La Jarrie, Charante, Thonneboutonne, St Savinien, Arvert, Marrennes, La Tremblade, Annay, Chefboutonne, Niort, St Maixent, Mougou, Cherveux, Fontenay, Coulouge, and even to places more distant, as Poitiers, Bordeaux, &c.

Under Providence, it was to her Serene Highness the Duchess of Brunswick Lunébourg and Zell, that we owed this prolongation of liberty in the exercise of our worship. This pious princess had embraced our doctrines with fervour and constancy. M.




d'Olbreuze, her worthy brother, and M. de la Forêt, our minister, informed her constantly of the rigours meditated by the Government; and her Highness used every effort to turn them aside from us, or, at least, to obtain a delay in their execution. For this object she employed all her interest with the court of France, and even interceded personally in our favour with the King. These exertions of the Duchess to deliver Mauzé from the violence of the storm which swept indiscriminately over all the rest of the country were not, for the time, without success; still we were frequently harassed and subjected to vexatious shiftings and fatigues, much beyond our strength.

On many occasions, our excellent clergyman was obliged to go with the Intendant to Rochelle or to Rochefort, sometimes accompanied by a number of his elders, and at others by the entire Consistory, of which I was a member. The principal object aimed at in enforcing these repeated journeys, was to disappoint the faithful, who, as I have said, came in crowds to our village from all quarters, by depriving them of the blessings of the ministry of M. de la Forêt. I pass over the detail of the means by which we sought to ward off the blow that threatened us, and will only give the recital of such sufferings as were peculiar to myself, without even noticing those in which I had but a share in com-

mon with other brethren. It was during the last journey that M. de la Forêt made to Rochefort with the Intendant—on this occasion one of you accompanied him—that that disastrous event burst upon Mauzé, which shall never leave the memory of the Protestants of that place : the dragoons completed the work of desolation which had been commenced in 1681 by the Intendant of Aunis, M. de Demuin.

Divine Providence had mercifully prepared me for this frightful blow, and I had taken measures to escape from it. On the preceding month I had sent all my scholars, the number of whom, owing to the persecution of the Protestants in other districts, had increased to twenty, to lodge in different places. Not only did I now despatch these children to their respective homes, but I got ready to leave my house on the first approach of the dragoons.

Among other precautions, I had taken that of sending you all to a distance from me. Your grandmother found an asylum with M. de l'Aleigæ; my eldest daughter and Olivier were sheltered under the roof of M. d'Olbreuze; M. and Madame de Puyarnault had the kindness to take Jeanne, Pierre, and Marie to their house de la Bouillardière, near to St Jean d'Angely; while my eldest son was at St Maixent, completing his two years' ap-



prenticeship. On entering that city, the soldiers, giving themselves up to the most atrocious excess of tyranny, his master counselled him to fly, if he could find the means. The gates were guarded day and night, to prevent the egress of any Protestant; but he contrived to escape, and came to Mauzé, eight or ten days before the arrival of the dragoons. M. de Chaban, who honoured me with his particular friendship, took him into his house; and, about the same time, I lodged Jean with M. de Gayemon, near to Melle, where he was received with the kindest hospitality. I had thus put all my children in safety, and was alone at Mauzé when the cavalry arrived there, on Sunday 23d September 1685.

I was at home, engaged in conversation with two or three persons who had fled from their native city, when we were interrupted by the noise which announced the approach of these barbarians. It was not difficult for me to leave the house. I had already confided a part of my furniture to Roman Catholics, and to neighbours, who, five years before, had renounced the Protestant religion; and had also sent a portion of it to M. de la Forêt, knowing that, on previous occasions, soldiers had never been lodged either with clergymen or the principal burghers. Other articles I hid among some ruins in front of our door, which were covered

with a thick foliage of ivy. This portion best escaped the avidity of the soldiers; while that which I deemed most secure, ran the greatest danger; for the dwelling of M. de la Forêt was occupied by officers, and pillaged like the others. Our own house was not spared; at the departure of the soldiers there was nothing left but the bare walls; and I learned, with true chagrin, that our neighbours did not forget themselves in the distribution of the spoil.

The doors of the chapel were forced; all that it contained was stolen; and the furniture needful to our worship was broken to pieces or sold. By an interposition of Providence, we had secured the books and papers containing the Acts which established our rights relative to the public exercise of religion, as well as the titles of certain legacies and donations from the lords of Mauzé for the support of our ministers; the documents belonging to the Consistory were, in like manner, saved. The whole of these books and papers had been confided to the care of M. and Madame d'Olbreuze; and, after their departure from France, the coffer which contained them lay in their house, without any one in the country, except myself, being aware of its existence. However, in consequence of the design I had formed of escaping abroad, I decided on communicating the secret to the eldest daughter of M.



Galandet, farmer of M. d'Olbreuze. I begged this young woman to accompany me to the apartment where the chest was hidden ; and, after making, in her presence, an inventory of its contents, I besought her, in the name of the Lord, never to betray the trust I thus reposed in her, not even to her own family. She protested in the most solemn manner that I might depend upon her fidelity.

But I must call your attention to the moment when the arrival of the military forced me to abandon my house. Only one of the persons who were with me at the time thought good to accompany me. Descending into the ditch which surrounded the city, and which happily we found to be dry, and pursuing our route towards the church of Amilly, we were every where met by women and children, seeking, like ourselves, safety in flight. It was rather late in the evening when we reached the château de Marsay, where we passed two days, and thence we went to the dwelling of M. de Puyarnault, which served us as an asylum for a little time longer. Here we learned, that it had been the custom every where, but especially in Poitou, to lodge the military even with the principal inhabitants.

The friends of M. de Puyarnault at St Jean d'Angely, had just recommended him to send from his house whatever was of any value. I judged it prudent, therefore, to cause Marie to set

out by the ordinary carrier, a Roman Catholic, to M. de l'Aleigne's, and taking with me Jeanne and Pierre, I went to the house of M. d'Olbreuze. As I found, however, that my presence there compromised the safety of four of my children who were already under the shelter of M. d'Olbreuze's roof, I was obliged next day to re-enter Poitou, accompanied by Jeanne and Pierre, both of whom I confided to a tried friend. During all October I found myself compelled to wander over the province, hiding in the day time, and never remaining over forty-eight hours in one place.

It appeared impossible long to elude the vigilance of the cavalry, parties of whom scoured the country every where, and subjected those whose character for humanity or hospitality rendered them suspected, to almost daily visits. To afford shelter to an unfortunate fugitive, was to expose one's-self to the utmost danger; terror hung over every head, brother scarcely daring to open the door to brother. I passed three days this month with my own brother; and no one can imagine the continual dread he experienced lest I should be discovered in his house. During all this time the person who had accompanied me at the moment when the dragoons entered Mauzé, had never quitted me; and at the end of the month I returned by night to the house of M. d'Olbreuze, and remained con-




ceeded on his property for eight days. Leaving this retreat, I went next to the house of M. de l'Aleigne; and thence with your grandmother and Marie to that of M. de la Gauzay Micou, on the border of the ocean, in order that my daughter might make use of sea-bathing, her health being feeble. During the week I spent here, I frequently visited some friends in the environs of Mauzé; none of them ever refusing me admittance to their houses, provided I came by night and was seen by no one except their own families.

I now returned to M. de Gauzay Micou's house, and with your grandmother and Marie, whose health was considerably re-established, I gained once more the mansion of M. de l'Aleigne, where however, I dared not remain long. All November I spent among friends, victims like myself of this unrelenting persecution.

During the early days of December, I found it absolutely needful to remove Jeanne and Pierre from the asylum where I had left them; and I therefore brought them once more to the château of M. d'Olbreuze, where they slept one night; and afterwards to that of M. de Marsay, in which they remained only two days. The troubles and difficulties of this period, in which I suffered so much, ended for the time by leaving me absolutely without a shelter for my head, or the knowledge where

to find one. In this dilemma, a Roman Catholic friend offered to take Jeanne under his charge. She lived with the worthy man for eight days, until, seeing the fear he was in, I begged him to conduct her to some relations I had at Croizette near to Niort. At Croizette she remained more than a fortnight, and would have stayed still longer, but for one of the inhabitants who gave information to the commandant of a detachment of cavalry, of her being in the village. Instantly two dragoons were dispatched, who, during an entire day and night, ransacked the house in every nook and corner, broke the furniture and even went so far as to inflict personal violence on my unfortunate friends.

The following day the soldiers recommenced their search, which they finished by discovering my daughter, almost dead with terror, under a pile of straw near the stable. She had passed the night in a wood, situated seven or eight hundred paces from the house; but, at daybreak, fearing she was not in safety, she had determined on leaving her hiding-place, and had concealed herself under the heap of straw, which she remembered to have noticed in the court-yard. Jeanne was more shocked at their oaths and imprecations than alarmed for her life. Her captors, after taking from her the little money she possessed, dragged her before the curate of Saint Maxire.




My dear children, we cannot sufficiently praise God for the energy, fortitude, and patience with which, on this occasion, He deigned to inspire our dear Jeanne. In vain did the priest present the act of abjuration for her signature; in vain did the soldiers employ threats and violence—she remained inflexible. And when the curé, wearied out by her constancy, inserted in this pretended abjuration the false statement that she did not sign because she could not write, the intrepid girl declared aloud that she *could* write; and that, if she refused her signature, it was only because she believed her religion to be the true one, and was resolved never to change it.

Two days after this, an obliging person offered to escort Jeanne to the house of M. d'Olbreuze, whose château was, indeed, our principal head-quarters in those days of peril and tribulation. I had remained there myself with Pierre, during all this interval, the excellent nobleman giving out that he had taken me into his service, having need of my assistance in some business he had on hand, and that he intended attaching me permanently to his household. He did not mention what was equally true, the compassion with which my dreadful situation inspired him, tracked as I had been for three months from retreat to retreat, like a wild beast, by dragoons, by priests, and by hostile Papists; and

all the while cruelly agitated with the thought of my poor children.

It was not to our family alone that M. d'Olbreuze afforded a retreat ; for his door was always open to whoever claimed his protection, and his house was often filled with fugitives from the surrounding provinces. He did not examine if those who besought his help were or were not of his own acquaintance. That they were objects of persecution, of the tyranny which burdened our province, was a sufficient claim upon his hospitable charity. Madame d'Olbreuze was animated by the same sentiments of humanity, and manifested towards her guests a benevolence which did her infinite honour. Thus their château was, for a long time, the principal haven of refuge for many inhabitants of Mauzé ; while the barns and outhouses were crowded with persons of all ranks from Saintonge, from Aunis, and from Poitou, on whom they lavished not only what was needful for their subsistence, but the most affectionate consolation. Almost every hour brought additional assurance to our kind hosts of the visit with which the soldiers threatened them ; but nothing could intimidate them, or induce them to abate their generous bounty.

These truly Christian graces were equally exemplified by M. and Madame de l'Aleigne. During the three months of which I speak, their vast habi-



tation was filled with Protestants of various conditions, the inhabitants of neighbouring villages, who received the same welcome, and were treated with the same liberality.

Most of the nobility of Aunis, of Poitou, and of Saintonge, were now involved in the persecution, and felt its terrible effects, except M. d'Olbreuze and M. de l'Aleigne, whose houses had hitherto escaped pillage. But at length they too were marked out, and none remained without feeling the iron hand of despotism. Nobles, as well as peasants, were forced to fly, or were committed to prison by "lettres de cachet," or even by the mere will of the military commandants. The calamities of September, October, November, and December, in particular, surpassed all that had hitherto taken place. The Edict of Nantes was now definitely revoked; the last Protestant church was razed to its foundation; and the nobility and others who had hitherto escaped the dragoons, were thrown ignominiously into prison. In November, a "lettre de cachet" sent M. de l'Aleigne to the prison of Loches; and, towards the end of December, M. d'Olbreuze, in obedience to the King, was obliged to proceed to Paris, and to follow the court till farther orders. I remained, nevertheless, in the house of M. d'Olbreuze, with four of my children, including Philemon, who had lived there for three years.

The return of my daughter Jeanne from Croisette, contributed not a little to augment the difficulties of my situation ; Madame de l'Aleigne, after the imprisonment of her husband, having felt herself compelled by the threats of the military to deprive her unfortunate guests of the shelter of her roof.

New calamities still crowded upon us. Soon after the departure of M. d'Olbreuze for Paris, a royal proclamation prevented Protestants from having in their houses any other than Roman Catholic servants. This news brought my embarrassment to its height ; because it was now no longer possible to continue in the house in which my eldest daughter Philemon and I had remained for some time, under the character of domestics. By the same declaration of the King, my son Jean found himself ejected from the house of M. de la Gayemon, and had no other resource than to come and augment the number of my dependants, already too great. I had then with me seven children, without knowing by what means it was possible to escape the search of the soldiers. Your grandmother and Marie had quitted Madame de l'Aleigne, and put themselves under the protection of a Roman Catholic, who either wanted the power or the will to keep them any longer. I conducted the poor old woman to Poitou, where some of our friends undertook alternately to

receive her; and, by means of paying well, I obtained in the dwellings of two Papists shelter for Marie, Isabelle, and Olivier.

During the latter days of January, which were also the last of our residence in the house of M. d'Olbreuze, I confess, with shame, that I gave way to the most violent feelings of despair. Madame d'Olbreuze saw herself obliged to dismiss not only the unfortunates whom her hospitable roof had so long sheltered, but also her own servants, and those who had taken that name to escape persecution. Of all the unhappy proscripts, perhaps I was the most embarrassed, for my family was the most numerous; and while, on the one hand, I sought every possible means of securing the safety of those of my children who were near me, on the other, I was a prey to agonizing uncertainty regarding the fate of those who were more distantly located. My mind was in continual torment. I formed twenty plans, which I immediately abandoned. I consulted Madame d'Olbreuze, who knew little better than myself what step to advise; until at length it entered her mind that a cavern or grotto, which was in a neighbouring forest, would afford us a secure retreat. She spoke of it to an old domestic, a Roman Catholic, but full of honour and humanity, who said that he had never visited the interior of the cave, but that he knew perfectly where it lay;

so, when night had arrived, he and I took the road towards the forest, carrying lanterns for the purpose of examining whether the cavern was suited to our purpose. We struck into the wood, and, at the conclusion of a long walk, arrived at a chasm in the ground, resembling the mouth of a dried-up well. Here my guide halted, and we entered the opening, scrambling down its almost perpendicular sides, until, after a considerable descent, we reached the bottom. A door-way in the side of the pit now presented itself, on passing through which the space increased considerably, taking a horizontal direction, and we soon had a full view of the object of our investigation. The cavern was composed of a great number of apartments, hewn out from the solid rock, and so formed and ornamented as to prove that their construction had been the work of extraordinary talent and industry. The chambers communicated with each other by small doorways, and contained benches of a brownish-coloured sandstone, which were fashioned with great regularity and neatness. We continued advancing into this singular mansion, until we despaired of finding the end of it. The apartments nearest the entrance contained skeletons of some small quadrupeds, of which the cavern had evidently at one time been the resort. I may mention that the place is situated at about a quarter of a league from any habi-

tation, and that common report attributes its laborious formation to the English.

I immediately resolved to conceal my daughters Anne and Jeanne in this hiding-place, which, although disagreeable, we regarded as safe, from its being remote and little known. Fourteen other persons, whom persecution had compelled to quit their homes, determined also to seek there a temporary refuge. These sixteen, therefore, after taking leave of Madame d'Olbreuze, on Sunday 1st February, 1686, were guided, an hour before daybreak, to their sad dwelling, by the old servant, who, by his kind lady's command, had already furnished it with provisions and some needful furniture, and who afterwards visited the party every evening to attend to their wants. But, although all had been done that was possible to purify the apartments and to render them habitable, the refugees, after a painful and dangerous trial of three weeks, were forced to abandon so unwholesome a retreat. The air entering only through the aperture of which I have spoken, the want of free respiration caused so rapid a decline of health that I received back my two poor girls more dead than alive.

After accompanying Anne and Jeanne to the cavern, I departed, along with Philemon, to visit the house of Madame de l'Aleigne, there to meet Jean, who had gone four days earlier to request a

lodging from that lady. My plan was to reach Rochelle with my two sons, and to endeavour to procure for them a passage thence to England or to Holland. On reaching the château at rather a late hour the same evening, we learned that Jean had set out for Rochelle the preceding Friday, where, they assured me, I could not miss finding him; accordingly, Philemon and I continued our route, and as we entered Vérine we met Jean, who brought me a letter from a friend in Rochelle, informing me that if I wished to embark, I should find a ship in that port ready to set sail.

As we proceeded on our journey, my heart became burdened with sorrow, at the thought of the dangers to which we were on the point of exposing ourselves; for I knew that, in Rochelle, it would be next to impossible to escape the vigilant eye of our persecutors. Every evening a strict search was made in all the inns and lodging-houses; and the inhabitants in general could not, without the greatest peril, give shelter to any Protestants.

It was very late when we reached Rochelle; and, leaving my boys with a poor man of my acquaintance, who hid them in his barn, I ventured to knock at the door of a merchant with whom I was closely connected. His wife, more humane than himself, asked me where I intended lodging; and on my informing her, that, in truth, I knew not where


to lay my head, "Eh bien !" said she, "you shall lodge here if you will ; you shall have a bed, whatever be the consequences." I accepted the generous offer ; and, worn out and exhausted in body and mind, yielded myself immediately to repose.

Next morning this excellent woman was very communicative, giving me an afflicting account of the horrors which were then taking place in that city. I quitted her to call on a couple of friends, by whose help I hoped to succeed in the object then uppermost in my thoughts, the deliverance of my two sons, whom I longed to free from this condition of misery and bondage. I also visited M. du Beignon-Allaire, on the same subject ; when, about two o'clock, as I came out of his house and went to that of M. Mouchard, by the great street leading to the gate, I met the governor of Rochelle, accompanied by his guards. I made the ordinary salute, and continued on my way ; but he, stopping short, demanded, in a severe tone, who I was, whence I came, and whither I went ? I replied to these questions without the slightest dissimulation, and he went on, while I proceeded towards the gate. I had not, however, gone two hundred paces when I remarked a man following me. I took no notice of him, but still moved forward, making for the edge of the sea, with this person upon my track.

As I mounted the ramparts he accosted me, and I recognised in him one of the guards of the governor. He intimated that he had positive orders to accompany me to the house of M. Mouchard, and to ascertain what M. M. knew regarding me. I walked by his side; and, having found Madame Mouchard at home, the soldier demanded if I was known to her or to her family. The lady replied affirmatively, and confirmed all that

[In this part of the narrative four pages are wanting, having been torn from the original manuscript,—pages, too, which must evidently have contained most interesting matter. The sequel will show, that the author consented to sign a formal abjuration; being, no doubt, forced to the commission of this crime by barbarous treatment at Rochelle, added to anxiety for his two children who were concealed in that city. A new light might have been thrown upon the history of that detestable persecution, had we been informed of the refinement of cruelty which was in all probability put into exercise, in order to compel so sincere and pious a Protestant to affix his signature to such a document.] The narrative continues as follows:—

. Notwithstanding the depth of our transgression Thou hast promised, oh, Heavenly Father! to have pity on us, and abundantly to pardon. I give myself, with humility but with confidence, to



Thee, in hopes that Thou wilt not reject my broken and contrite heart. Thou wilt thoroughly wash me from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

The mercy of God saved me from the terrible dangers in which my folly had precipitated me; and I was consoled in my sufferings by the intelligence that nine of you, my dear children, were remaining faithful to the truth of the Lord, and devoted to his service.

On coming out of prison, I was conducted by an officer to the convent of the l'Oratoire; and there it was that I had the baseness to write my name at the foot of a paper which they presented for my signature. I did not read it; but could I doubt what it contained? I had found, in my fears for my personal safety, and in the alarms with which my heart was agitated for my family, the most plausible reasons for looking at the affixing of that signature as a very innocent act. But no sooner was I freed from the presence of those who guarded me, and had recovered my liberty, than I felt the deepest contempt for the sophistry by which I had allowed myself to be deceived, and I beheld my sin in all its deformity and blackness. One of my friends, whom I met as I was going out of the town, seeing the condition of misery in which I was, invited me to accompany him to his home. He did all he could to calm the agitation of my spirit,

pointing out to me different passages of Scripture, from which I might draw consolation. I quitted him the same afternoon, intending to walk all night, and to arrive at Mauzé next morning.

No language is adequate to give you the faintest idea of the sorrow and shame to which I was a prey, so long as I remained in Mauzé. I sought comfort in prayer; but my tongue refused to utter the grief that weighed on my heart. God seemed to hide his face from me. I abandoned myself to bitter reflection; and little more was necessary to drive me to despair. The congratulations of my friends on my deliverance from prison, only served to double my remorse. These manifestations of good were indeed so many dagger-thrusts to my heart, producing all the effects of bitter reproaches; and it seemed to me that never criminal was so punished.

I could not possibly avoid paying a visit to our worthy benefactress, Madame d'Olbreuze; but it took me a long time to muster sufficient courage to appear in her presence. I was not ignorant that she had received into her house a great number of persons situated as I had been with regard to persecution; but then, there was not one of whom this faithful disciple of Christ had formed a more favourable opinion, or in whom she had been more cruelly deceived. At last I ventured to request

permission to offer my respects, and the request was immediately granted.

On entering the chamber where Madame d'Olbreuze was, I found her surrounded by a number of young ladies, who had recently come to put themselves under her protection. Oh! my children, watch carefully against the first approach of sin, that you may never have to experience the shame and confusion with which your poor father felt himself overwhelmed at this painful moment! I remained a long time motionless, fixed to the spot where I stood. My heart beat violently; and I know not what I should have done, had not a torrent of tears which burst from my eyes in some degree relieved me. You cannot conceive the forbearance and charity which were manifested by this little company of Christians. They could not conceal from themselves the enormity of my fault, and they did not attempt to palliate it; but they encouraged me to hope for pardon; they quoted the example of Peter, who denied his Lord, and that of the disciples who forsook Him. My repentance was no less sincere than theirs, and they doubted not that I should receive as full and gracious a forgiveness. Never, I trust, shall the memory of their goodness be effaced from my heart. One of them composed a prayer, admirably adapted to my situation, and which I have preserved. I distri-

buted many copies of it among Protestants who had cause to weep over the same fault that I had committed ; and I have reason to believe it was to them also a source of blessing.

Madame d'Olbreuze spoke much to me of you all. She advised me to hire a lodging, and to reunite my family. As for myself personally, she said I was at perfect liberty to remain in her house in my former capacity ; adding that, in the absence of her husband, she had a multitude of affairs on hand, which I could help her to attend to. I accepted her kind offer, and lived in her house till her departure for Paris. Your grandmother was of the number of Madame d'Olbreuze's protegees. She had preceded me hither by some days, and, like myself, had signed her abjuration.

Having now taken a lodging, with the view of gathering my family under one roof, I departed for Poitou, in search of my eldest daughter, who, as I before stated, had remained in that province, under the care of several of our friends. After wandering from house to house, I found, at last, the abode in which she had most recently been, but she had quitted it a few hours previous to my arrival. On my return to the château of Madame d'Olbreuze, I had the satisfaction of seeing her there, and in good health. This mansion and that of Grand Breuil, were the principal dwelling-places of my

daughter, and of the rest of my children, until our departure for Holland ; and Jeanne was so happy as never to know the bitter shame of denying her religion. Some days afterwards, a lady in Rochelle offered her a situation, as governess to her children ; and having accepted it, she was an inmate of that lady's family at the period of our embarkation.

Of all my children, my son Jean was the one who gave me the greatest uneasiness, and occasioned me the greatest expense. He was then sixteen years of age ; he had neglected to avail himself of the means of education which I had given him ; and, after much reflection, I resolved to set him to learn a trade. Jean appeared to enter readily into my views, and even to rejoice at the idea of being no longer a burden to me, and I bound him for two years to a serge manufacturer at Saint Maixent, to whom I promised to pay sixty francs as apprentice fee. You know how Jean has conducted himself in respect to his trade.

Shortly after this, at Easter, we were deprived of the protection of Madame d'Olbreuze. This lady went to Paris, and thence to Germany, after her husband, who had obtained permission to quit the kingdom. The loss of her presence and kindness affected me deeply. She assured me of her continued friendship, and generously offered to take Philemon with her ; saying that M. d'Olbreuze

would charge himself with his future prosperity. I accompanied this valued friend and benefactress to St Maixent, where I took leave of her, my heart the while full of gratitude, and broken with sorrow. I embraced Philemon, uncertain if the government would leave him at liberty to follow his patroness ; but Heaven blessed their enterprise, and delivered them from the miseries which loaded their country ; and soon I heard to my joy that Monsieur and Madame d'Olbreuze and Philemon had arrived safely in Germany.

My satisfaction was still augmented by the receipt of a letter, a few days after Philemon's departure, from my eldest son Jacques, who informed me that three months before, he had escaped across the French frontiers, and was now at Amsterdam. I have informed you that, in order to shun the dragoons at Mauzé, he had sought refuge in the house of M. de Chaban, on Christmas day 1685. Towards the end of the following October, this faithful servant of God did not hesitate to leave his house a prey to the soldiers, and take the road to Paris. He had with him his wife, her waiting-woman, a coachman, a valet, and your brother, who preceded them as postilion. They remained there one month ; and then, being informed of the route by which they could the most easily escape from the kingdom, they commenced their journey ; but,

when near the frontiers, they were arrested, treated with the utmost indignity, and forced to return to Paris. This disappointment did not discourage Jacques ; he started alone, made a new attempt to cross the frontier and was successful.


Three of you were now beyond the reach of the iron hand of tyranny. It was to M. de la Foret that Gabriel owed his passage to a happier land than his own. Immediately on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, there appeared a royal proclamation, which banished from the kingdom all Protestant clergymen. M. de la Foret, braving the danger of the enterprise, found means to embark his nephew, M. Garribon, and my son, on board the same vessel in which he himself and Madame de la Foret sailed for Holland, and from thence they went to Germany.

The success with which the efforts of three of my children had been crowned, encouraged me to venture on the same course with the others, although I foresaw the difficulties which must lie in my way. But I could no longer master my impatience to fly from a country where permission was refused me to worship the God of my salvation.

Constantly occupied, therefore, with one thought, I made many journeys to Rochelle, in order to prepare for carrying my plan into execution ; but my friends in that city to whom I communicated the

design, declared that there was not the smallest chance of success, at least for the present. It was, they said, impossible to leave the port, such was the vigilance of the police ; and the mere suspicion of meditating such a step, exposed a person to immediate imprisonment.


My services being about the same time sought for by Madame and Mademoiselle de Miséré, I engaged myself to them as steward. I had been preceptor in their family in 1660, when only sixteen years of age. These two ladies had also signed an act of abjuration ; but they were filled with sorrow on account of it ; and, placing confidence in my friendship, made known to me their intention of quitting France. They added, that they hoped I would not refuse to include them in any plan I might form for my own escape, and offered to forward the execution of it by whatever pecuniary means might be needful. An entire year passed away in vain attempts to realise our project, notwithstanding my numerous visits to Rochelle. In the interim, I was overwhelmed with an infinity of other matters to which I had to attend in different places. My eldest son, and Pierre (who remained with me almost all the time I spent in the employment of Madame de Miséré), know well the fatigues, vexations, and anxieties which I endured during twenty months, which seemed to me so many



years. Fifteen of them I passed in continually going from one farm to another, selling the crops, and receiving arrears of rents for my mistress. To add to these troubles, the conduct of your poor brother Jean plunged me in the deepest sorrow. You will remember that he quitted his occupation at the end of six or seven months,—that is to say, at the very time when he was beginning to acquire some knowledge of the trade, and to render himself useful to his employer. He left his master's house in October 1686, and went about the country for some time, inventing all manner of pretexts for lodging himself, now with one of my friends and now with another, and putting their credulity and kindness to contribution by a thousand falsehoods and inventions. When I was informed of the shameful life he was leading, I despatched a man in whom I had confidence, for the purpose of tracing him ; and it was only at the expiry of a long search that he found him at the house of M. de la Graslière, whose son had been formerly one of my boarders at Mauzé. During the fifteen days he spent with me after his return, far from behaving more correctly, he exhibited himself in all his perversity. Neither remonstrances nor prayers could make the least impression on him ; he was without shame, and natural affection seemed extinguished in his heart.

I was now advised to send him to the West Indies for two or three years, where constant employment might have a beneficial effect on his mind. It was not without extreme pain that I took this advice; and, hearing that a ship belonging to M. Louis Massiot was ready to set sail for St Domingo, I demanded of my son if he would go to that island. His reply was, that he was perfectly agreeable to the proposal, his greatest desire being to live at a distance from me! I embraced the unhappy youth, weeping bitterly; and on 1st February 1687 he departed. Alas, to this day he is a source of continual anxiety to me, never having written a single line since his arrival in St Domingo. The captain of the vessel that took him out, who returned to Amsterdam on account of the persecution in France, tells me that your brother entered the employment of M. Geoffrey, of Port de Paix.

The affairs of Madame and Mademoiselle de Miseré now approached their conclusion. They had disposed of their property at Mauzé, and received a part of the price. I sold also, in virtue of their procuration, some detached houses belonging to their estates, and was so fortunate as to find good tenants for the great farms of Petousse, Beaulieu, and Touchelonge, who all paid a year's rent in advance. The ladies had therefore a considerable sum of money in specie at their disposal,



which redoubled the eagerness they felt to leave the kingdom.

For my own part, I was exhausted with the fatigues occasioned by my constant attention to their numerous affairs. From the day of my entering their service, I had not enjoyed one moment's repose, my time being spent in going, without cessation, from one place to another;—now to Aunis—then to Saintonge—and the following week to Poitou. I was heart-broken—my patience was exhausted—and yet it was to these painful labours that I eventually owed my safety. I have since felt persuaded that I was thus unconsciously using the best means for defeating the perfidious machinations of the priests, who had conceived for me a mortal hatred, because I made it an invariable rule never to be present at the offices or ceremonies of the Romish Church, and because I showed for the reformed doctrines an attachment which time only strengthened and increased. Alas! when shall I be able to live the life of faith, committing myself, and all that concerns me, to the hands of Him who has promised never to abandon His people, but to protect them with unfailing love and care! How often do we deplore events which Providence has ordained for our salvation, and rejoice in circumstances which, but for the Divine blessing, would prove the source of misery to us! I speak the lan-

guage of Christian experience when I say, that it is not given to man to appreciate, at their full value, the vicissitudes of human life ; that nothing is more subject to error than his speculations upon them, and that there is no true wisdom but that which refers every thing to Him whose ways are not known, and whose paths are on the great waters.

The last three months which I passed with Madame and Mademoiselle Miséré were employed principally in journeys made to Rochelle, on their account. In appearance, their resolution of embarking, on the first occasion which should offer itself, was unshaken; and my instructions were to procure them a passage at any price. At length I considered myself fortunate in meeting with a captain, who engaged to convey us to England for eighteen hundred francs; and nothing now remained to be done by these ladies and myself but to meet at Rochelle, and there to await the proper moment for embarkation.

I found, however, only fluctuation and indecision in the minds of the mother and daughter. For a long time, they had insisted absolutely on the necessity of escaping by sea; but when a door of deliverance seemed thus about to be opened, it immediately struck them, for the first time, and apparently by some sudden inspiration, that it was much more prudent to leave the kingdom by


way of Paris. A lawsuit, which they had pending there, would, they said, give them a plausible pretext for entering the capital, and when a favourable occasion should present itself of passing the frontiers, they would not fail to profit by it. They also offered to take with them the remainder of my family, while, in the mean time, Pièrre and I might accompany them as far as Paris, if I thought good. They had given me so many proofs of inconstancy and indecision in their doings, that I excused myself, without scruple, from accepting an offer which, I doubt not, sprung from real benevolence. They set out for Paris on 24th November 1687, leaving me a procuration to attend to their affairs, and, among others, to two lawsuits at Saint Maixent and Rochelle.

After their departure, I visited their house at Petousse, and went also to Saint Maixent, Niort, Bougoin, and Mauzé. The object of my journey to Mauzé was to sell some of the ladies' furniture, and to send the rest of it to Paris.

From Mauzé I proceeded to Rochelle, to which place I was led by a lawsuit of Madame de Miséré against the Count de la Villedieu; and also by the hope of being there able to find the means of embarking myself and family for a foreign land. The last object, I confess, weighed most with me. For more than a year and half I had been employed

by Madame and Mademoiselle de Miséré; and, occupying myself in their concerns with indefatigable zeal, I had too much neglected my own. I still flattered myself, however, that I should eventually be enabled to fly from this land of oppression, and to enjoy at last that sweet liberty which I had so much at heart.

My numerous excursions to Rochelle procured me the acquaintance, and even the friendship, of many estimable persons, and especially of Madame de Choisy, who had abandoned, eighteen months before, her house of Chantemerlière, in Poitou, and had settled with her daughter in that city. M. Meneguerre, their agent, a gentleman as active as he was intelligent, resided with them, and watched for a favourable chance of their quitting the kingdom. Madame de Choisy was a near relative of Madame de Miséré, and had come often to see her at Mauzé, where our acquaintance had commenced. It was also at Mauzé that M. Meneguerre and I became united in a friendship as sincere as it was constant. He and Madame de Choisy thought quite as I did upon the conduct of Madame and Mademoiselle de Misère. Like myself, they had been the dupes of the tiresome irresolutions of these ladies. We resolved therefore, in future, to trust only to our own efforts; and, in the mean time, M. Meneguerre counselled me to return to my children,



to prevent suspicion, which my presence at Rochelle might occasion.

Following his advice, I went once more to Grand Breuil, where my family then resided ; but, within four days of my meeting them, a letter from M. Meneguerre recalled me to Rochelle. On my arrival, he told me that a Dutch captain had consented to convey us to Holland for the sum of 3000 francs; and that he offered to take on board his ship twenty-four passengers, who might pay this amount among them.

M. Meneguerre and myself now set out to seek the captain, in order to get him to sign the engagement ; but this affair, of which the commencement seemed so fortunate, had a conclusion sufficiently vexatious, as you shall soon see. We left the care of arranging the matter with one of those officious people who think themselves wiser than their neighbours ; but who, with all their pretended ability, spoil whatever they take in hand.

Every thing seemed to authorise my believing that I had at last obtained the object of my many journeys to Rochelle : so I returned to my family, and employed my best efforts to induce your grandmother to accompany us to Holland, where she might worship God without fearing persecution. You know that all my entreaties and arguments were without effect ; nothing could determine her

to quit her country—a country which refused her the privilege of publicly recognising the Saviour, of whom it is said that there is salvation in no other. She was more afraid of the dangers which were connected in her mind with the idea of emigration, than shocked at the thought of passing the rest of her days where she dared not openly confess her Lord. I represented to her, that my life having become insupportable since I had fallen into the shameful sin of abjuring my faith, I was resolved to brave every danger rather than endure longer, with my children, the slavery under which we were sighing. The good old woman could only answer me by tears and sobs, the remembrance of which still throws a cloud of sadness over my mind.

Finding your grandmother unchangeable in her resolution, I had no other part left than to provide for our voyage without her. I therefore directed your eldest sister to make preparations for our departure, so that we might be ready to start at an hour's notice. And here I must bear witness to the intelligence and affectionate zeal with which she set about her task, under very painful circumstances. Without the help of this good and dutiful girl, I know not how I should have managed, encumbered as I was with four children, three of whom could not in any way help themselves, nor be let out of sight for a moment.

The Courier now brought me a letter from M. Meneguerre, couched in these terms: "Immediately on receipt of this letter, I beg you will come to Rochelle, bringing with you all your documents even the least important, as your lawsuit will be judged without delay." I had no difficulty in interpreting the note as the writer meant I should, especially as I had reason to suppose that the Captain only awaited a favourable wind to set sail.

It happened that a young woman, in the service of Madame de Miséré, had announced her intention of quitting the kingdom; and Madame de Choisy had kindly given her the use of her house at Rochelle. The woman was aware of the expected speedy departure of our ship; and as she was going to Rochelle, I took the opportunity of sending Pièrre thither under her charge. On their arrival at the house of Madame de Choisy, that lady informed those who had their eyes upon her movements, that the girl was entering her service, and that the little boy was godson to her late husband. Next day I reached Rochelle, where I found that proper measures had been taken for our embarkation; and that, with the exception of my own family, all who intended going on board were assembled in the city.

My first care was to address myself to a person who kept carriages on hire, and who had four excellent

horses. I allowed this man, who bore a good character, to make his own terms; and these being settled, he engaged to be in Mauzé at two o'clock next morning, and to return to Rochelle within one hour more at the latest, with my family—bringing them to the house where I lodged, and which I was careful to point out to him. All the following day I confined myself within doors, expecting, with a degree of anxiety beyond expression, the arrival of the carriage; but night came on, and no appearance of my children.

At two o'clock on the second morning, I left Rochelle for Mauzé; and in the course of the day, I succeeded, by means of paying an exorbitant price, in securing the service of another coachman, although he had but one horse; and I went with him to Grand Breuil, where my family awaited me. We arrived at this latter place about eleven o'clock in the evening. Finding two other carriages near the village, I engaged them also, and in these three vehicles we commenced our journey towards Rochelle a little after midnight, on the 15th December 1687, during the prevalence of the most intense cold.

We left your grandmother in great affliction. For eighteen years she had lived with us. Your mother was the eldest of her three children, and had always been the dearest to her; and well did her superior excellence of character merit the distinc-

tion. At the death of your grandfather Fourestier, the old lady decided on coming to reside with us ; and you know with what tenderness she loved you, and in what harmony we always lived together.

We now suffered severely from the cold. Judging from my own experience of it, as well as from the cries of the children, I began to fear that some of them would perish on the way. The approach of day brought with it no increase of comfort, the atmosphere still retaining its keenness. Eight o'clock in the evening arrived : we had been twenty hours in the carriages, and I absolutely knew not what I ought to do, or could do, for my unfortunate family. To enter Rochelle had been the height of imprudence, as a stranger making his appearance in the city with a family was sure to be sent to prison, on suspicion of seeking to emigrate ; and I knew no one in the neighbouring village in whom I could confide. It was necessary, however, to make up my mind, and that immediately, as another night was coming on, and the coachmen were impatient. In this predicament, I remembered having known, at Mougou, a man who now resided at Dampierre, and I conjured the drivers to conduct us thither. It required, however, the sight of the deplorable condition in which my children, and particularly the three youngest were, to overcome the ill-humour of these men, and to

inspire them with a little pity; and when they did consent to my wish, I knew not where the house of him I sought was situated, nor was it without much difficulty we found it. No sooner had we arrived at the door, than our drivers set us down; and before we had time to utter a word, they sprang to their seats again and galloped off.

On knocking at the gate, before which we stood, I found that the woman of the house alone was at home, and to her I represented my situation. "My poor children are lost," I said, "if they pass this night in the open air." "And as for us," she replied, "we shall be ruined if we receive you into our house: my husband is employed by a rigid Roman Catholic, who has threatened to dismiss him from his service, if we ever receive a single Protestant under our roof." "If you lose *his* favour," I answered, "for giving shelter to children, who without your aid must perish, you will be recompensed for it. Oh, doubt not you will be rewarded by the approbation and blessing of Him in whose name I implore your pity towards these helpless creatures. I will cause you no uneasiness for myself; I will seek another lodging." The good woman could not resist this appeal. "If you knew," she said, "the man on whom we are dependant, you would pardon my first refusal. The receiving of these children, and the exposing of my husband

and myself to the most appalling poverty, rushed upon my mind as one and the same thing. But I ought not to distrust the promises of God, nor to transgress his commandments, in order to please a man ; for this night, therefore, you may leave your children with me."

I am sure it must be needless for me to tell how much relieved my heart was, as I thanked the woman. Full of joy and gratitude, I ran to Rochelle, and was so fortunate as to find a lodging in a dirty little inn, kept by a Protestant,—a worthy man on the whole, though he and his wife had defiled themselves with the same sin of which I was guilty, having abjured. Next morning I rose early, impatient to know how you had passed the night, and beset with sad forebodings of the difficulties, which seemed to me insurmountable, in the way of my finding you another dwelling ; but on arriving at the village, I had another proof of the fatherly goodness of God, and of the solicitude with which He watches over His people. Near to the house in which you were, lived a respectable old gentleman who had been for a long time my neighbour in Poitou, and from whom I had received many marks of esteem. I had lost all trace of him on his quitting that place, and had almost forgotten his name, nor was I now aware even of his existence. Had I possessed the wealth of Peru,

I could not have provided a retreat more to my desire than the house of this venerable man ; and he received you, my children, with a cordiality and kindness which I am sure you never can forget, and which may well serve as a model for our imitation, should the feeble or oppressed ever claim our protection.

All the inhabitants of the canton, with the exception of this benevolent gentleman, and of the persons with whom you had found shelter, were Roman Catholics. Your kind host gave himself out to be your grandfather ; so that, not only had your visit a natural enough appearance, but suspicion was allayed as to our ulterior object.

A strong north wind continuing to blow till near the middle of January, our departure was necessarily delayed ; but at last it was fixed for the 16th of that month, the rendezvous named being a small cottage close by the magnificent château of Pampin, and at no great distance from the river. The meeting-place was within one league of Rochelle, and two of the village where you were living. During all this time I had lodged at Rochelle along with some other intending emigrants ; and, having kept the horse with which Madame de Miséré had presented me on her departure for Paris, I intended making use of him to convey my three younger children, as also the luggage, to the place of em-

barkation. On the day appointed, therefore, I left Rochelle at three o'clock, and arriving at your lodging by four, commenced preparations for immediate departure. Olivier and Elizabeth I put into panniers on either side of the horse, and Marie occupied the croup. The baggage, which happily required little room, and was easily packed, we placed in front of the panniers, and Anne, Pierre, and myself followed on foot. We had along with us Jean Dillot, who had remained in our service since we quitted Mauzé, and who shared the same hospitality with the children. He also intended emigrating.

I have spoken of all we had to suffer in our journey from Grand Brioul, and I have represented our position on that occasion as most frightful; but, although at the risk of being accused of exaggeration, I fear not to say, that these sufferings, compared with what we endured on this bitter night, were only a trifling inconvenience—an ordinary occurrence. Exaggeration, you may indeed believe, is far from my design, as I do not write for the sake of effect, but simply for your information; and I should consider my narrative dishonoured by the introduction of the slightest shade of fiction.

The cold was terrible, the night was extremely dark, and the rain, which had fallen in torrents for several days, had rendered the roads almost impass-

able. And, even had it been otherwise, we had been forced, by fear of detection, to avoid the best and most public paths. We were thus obliged to traverse meadows, which were little better than swamps, and to pass over vineyards, the soil of which was so soft that we sunk to our knees almost at every step. Often we walked on the edges of precipices of the great depth of which we were unconscious, and which in daylight we would have been careful to avoid. In truth, nothing less than the hand of a protecting God could have saved and guided us, travelling as we did in the midst of thick darkness, and ignorant of the dangers by which we were surrounded. I have had occasion three times since then to go over the same ground ; and when I inform you that in some parts of it, even in sunshine, I did not dare to take one step without the utmost precaution, and that I often paused, myself as well as my horse trembling at the sight of the precipices beneath my feet,—you may, perhaps, form some idea of the perils we encountered, and the anxieties to which we were the prey, during that memorable journey.

Notwithstanding those obstacles, however, we reached, in safety, the place of rendezvous, owing our arrival without being discovered to the darkness of the night, and to the dreadfully inclement state of the weather, or rather to the kindness of


Providence. Of all those who, from different directions, moved toward the same point, with the intention of embarking, there were but few who wandered from their route and did not come up at the appointed hour ; and when that hour arrived, sixty-five persons were assembled on the shore.

We were waiting in the little cottage, with the most intense eagerness, for the arrival of the skiff which was to carry us on board our ship, when the sound of loud cries filled our minds with alternate alarm and joy. One while, we thought we could distinguish in them the voices of our mariners, and anon they seemed the vociferations of approaching soldiers. The noise, however, proceeded neither from soldiers nor sailors. Incredible as it may appear, the thing was a jest,—surely of the most insane, if not diabolical character,—on the part of some of the individuals who were about to embark with us ! A gentleman, whose name, from a feeling of prudence, I shall not mention, (especially as my papers are not quite beyond risk of accident, and may be read by individuals disposed to injure him,) a man charitable and disinterested, actuated by the most sincere compassion, had voluntarily charged himself with the management of the measures which our project of flight rendered necessary. He had carried his kindness so far as to be present at the place of embarkation, in order to provide, as

much as possible, against the danger and confusion incident to the meeting of so many persons, unacquainted with the best mode of proceeding, and each naturally desirous of being the first to reach the ship. In accordance with his advice, the party drew lots, by families, and were to have embarked in the order indicated by the number drawn; and thus the skiff would have been properly freighted, and the seventy-five passengers have arrived on board without running the least hazard.

The intention of those who created the clamour of which I have spoken, was to imitate the sound of soldiers advancing at a rapid pace; and it was principally the name of our excellent benefactor which they made the subject of their vociferations. No wonder, then, that he was alarmed; for an existing royal mandate subjected to the pain of death whoever should favour the flight of Protestants; and he knew that, recently, these emigrations had been so frequent, that soldiers were constantly employed in scouring the country for their prevention.

Even at this critical moment, however, when his life was at stake, the generous man did not forget the people who were assembled in the house. He ran and warned us of the danger to which he believed we were exposed. "The soldiers are on the beach!" he cried; "fly, and save yourselves!"



The panic had not lasted more than a couple of minutes, when its unworthy authors, having but too much reason to believe that they had occasioned the flight of our director, rushed after him, and entered the house to explain the frolic; but it was too late, our friend was gone, and in the darkness of the night, it was impossible to tell by what road. A few only of our companions had followed him, the alarm not being general.

Another quarter of an hour brought the skiff,—when, forgetting entirely the arrangement for embarkation, the whole company rushed towards it, “en masse,” and the confusion became dreadful. Of course, my being among the first was impossible, as I had the care of Mademoiselle de Choisy and my six children; and our distress was increased by our wandering from the path, along with twelve others, and finding ourselves at length in a vineyard at some distance from the shore—a species of labyrinth from which we were unable to disentangle ourselves, and where we feared we should have to pass the night. It happened, however, that there was in our party a woman whose husband was well acquainted with that part of the country, and he, missing his wife, began searching for her, and found her at last with us in the vineyard. The husband then conducted us to the skiff; but at that moment it was quitting the beach, having on board thirty-

six persons. We were consequently under the necessity of awaiting its return, which did not take place till six o'clock in the morning.

Its return brought no solace to our troubles. Having anchored in a little bay, sixty or eighty fathoms from the rock on which we stood, and where we had remained since her first departure, the cries of the seamen were no sooner heard than the whole of us—that is to say, about forty persons—precipitated ourselves towards the spot. The most active and least embarrassed gained the skiff; but when twenty-five had got on board, the boatmen resolutely refused to admit one more, having, as they said, been on the point of sinking during the last trip, from having too many passengers. They promised, however, to return a third time, and to receive those who remained.

We now saw but too clearly that we had lost our passage. Day broke before the skiff had reached the ship, and the increasing light showed us two barges, which we recognised as belonging to the twelve guard boats which, since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had been stationed at Rochelle, and whose presence fully justified the precautions taken by those who desired to emigrate. During the ten preceding days, our obliging benefactor had had the coasts watched every morning by trustworthy persons, and the point at which we had in-

tended embarking was chosen on account of its being the only unguarded spot. Had the skiff returned but once more, as was proposed, the whole affair must have been revealed, those who had quitted the beach would have been liable, probably, to perpetual imprisonment, and all who had aided them to capital punishment.

Was ever oppression more intolerable than that which we experienced—harassed almost to madness, if we remained in France, and punished as malefactors if we sought to fly? God forbid that I should speak of my King in a disrespectful manner; but I cannot help saying, that, in the present instance, his conduct was neither guided by justice nor by sound policy. There can be little justice in persecuting innocent subjects, who ask no more than to be allowed to lead peaceable lives; and there can be little wise policy in exasperating a numerous class of individuals, and forcing them to hate a government which they are disposed to love and to support. Doubtless many Protestants have abjured their faith. But can our oppressors flatter themselves that they have sincerely and from the heart embraced *their* communion? The only victory which they can reasonably boast of having gained over these unhappy apostates, is that of leaving them without any religion whatever.

Our situation was distressing in the extreme.

The sight of the soldiers on the sea made us fear that we should find soldiers on shore also ; and this apprehension brought our terror to its height, as we knew the inflexible severity of the Governor of Rochelle, and almost imagined ourselves already in his hands. My companions were single persons, and could easily disperse or conceal themselves, as circumstances might dictate ; but what was I to do with little ones, whom nothing in the world could induce me to abandon, and three of whom could not walk ? The house of our charitable host at the village was the only roof under which I dared to venture, and it was necessary to pass the walls of Rochelle in order to reach it ; I feared also that my horse was no longer in a condition to proceed, as he was lying motionless on the pebbles, where he had passed the night. But in this painful situation, I felt a greater degree of faith than I had at any former time enjoyed. Many of the most precious Scripture promises presented themselves to my mind ; and I had a sort of intuitive perception of their application to my own case ; while others which were familiar to my thoughts, but which I had never before realised, became now a blessed means of comfort. The text, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about those that fear Him, and delivereth them," inspired me, above all, with undaunted courage. Indeed, it had no

sooner come into my thoughts, than I felt my terrors entirely dissipated. "Yes!" I said to myself—"Yes! I shall be delivered, no matter by what agency; my heavenly Father best knows what means of rescue are for my good; and whether I escape the hands of the Governor of Rochelle or whether I fall into his power, I shall be *equally delivered* in the Lord's own time. All that can happen to me, joyous or grievous, must alike contribute to my happiness. Fear being sin, I will banish even the slightest shade of it from my breast; and while I use every faculty I possess, physical or moral, in endeavouring to evade the persecution, I *will cast all my care upon the Lord*, and will keep my soul in peace."

I must not forget here to note an incident which you have heard me sometimes recall. At the moment of our departure from the village, little Olivier, with his caressing air and insinuating manner, said to me, "Where are we going now, papa?" My heart was full; and, in order to avoid explanation, "My child," I replied, "we are going to Moullé." Next morning, the poor little boy, finding himself taken to the edge of the sea, and beholding nothing around him but rocks and waves, said, "Papa, are we now at Moullé?" "Yes," I hastily replied. "But, papa, where is our house, is it pulled down?" My only reason for repeating this

anecdote is to show the bad effects which might have been produced on my children by the petty untruths I had thus the imprudence to utter; and to express the deep regret I experience at having so wandered from that system of strict veracity which ought to characterise every word of the head of a family. People in general have no idea of the imperceptible action by which the character of a child is formed; nor of what a powerful influence the little events and apparently trifling circumstances composing the history of the first years of life, have upon those that follow. If it were possible to trace the effect to its cause, I doubt not it would often be ascertained that much of the corruption of men's minds has had rise in the deviations from truth in which parents too often indulge in their intercourse with their children. And their example is the more dangerous to their offspring, that it is most natural for the latter to think they cannot do better than follow the example of their parents.

In making these remarks, I may say that I am merely explaining to you a doctrine which was sincerely held by your poor mother. Difficult, indeed, would it be for me to call to memory any point in which her conduct was not irreproachable, for she "lived by faith;" but this I know well, that if ever she felt inclined to yield to sin, the presence

of her children would have had the effect of recalling her to reflection, and so of disarming the temptation. Doubtless, notwithstanding the sweetness and gentleness which formed the groundwork of her character, I have sometimes, during the twenty years of our union, seen her moved by feelings of anger; but *never in her children's presence* has her countenance displayed aught but the reflection of that heavenly love with which her heart was filled. Nor have you, her children, heard from her lips a single reproach which could be regarded as unjust, or as the effect of passion.

But to resume the narrative. Mademoiselle de Choisy was still with me, when we determined to quit the beach; her mother, however, was of the number of persons whom the false alarm to which I have alluded had terrified into flight. This worthy lady wandered all night in a country with which she was totally unacquainted, and it was daybreak when she found shelter in the cottage of a poor woman. She imagined that she had walked at least six miles; whereas the amount of her journeying did not remove her farther than four hundred paces from the house in which we had assembled for embarkation. In the meantime, I was informed, first, that she was among those whom the skiff at first took out to the ship; and these false tidings embarrassed me exceedingly, as I

could not tell how I should convey her daughter to Rochelle, nor to whose hands I ought to confide her were she there, although she had many friends in that city. The poor child, too, was in great sorrow, believing herself for ever separated from an affectionate mother, and imagining what that mother must feel, when she found that her daughter was not with her.

Fortunately my horse had enough of strength left to enable him once more to carry the children; and we retired from the edge of the sea in the same order in which we had gone to it, always accompanied by the faithful Dillot. Our march was a weary one. Mademoiselle Choisy had lost her shoes in the clay during the previous night, and could hardly move a step; while, for my own part, I could not assist her much, being almost exhausted. Dillot was now of great service, as he carried in his arms, alternately, two of the little ones, whose situation was perhaps even more pitiable than that of the young lady.

Scarcely had we gained the top of the hill, when, near the château of Pampin, we were met by a person, who, to our great astonishment, addressed herself to Mademoiselle Choisy, and told her that her mother was in the house, almost distracted with fear lest her daughter should be on board the ship, without protector or guide. Such an appre-

hension, indeed, will appear reasonable enough, when one considers the confusion which prevailed during the embarkation,—friends losing each other in the darkness, and being the less careful to enter the boat together, from the anticipation of meeting again, without fail, on board the ship. There was at that time in the château, one of our companions, who, after having assisted his wife, with an infant at the breast, into the skiff, had been thrown into the sea by the crowd which pressed upon him, and ere he could recover himself, the boat had gone and left him behind. This is not the only instance in which members of the same family were forced to remain on the shore, while their friends were on board, and proceeding towards Holland, England, or America. The embarkations necessarily took place during the night, and always with confusion. Some of you will remember poor M. Chabran, our neighbour at Mougou, who was so fond of Pièrre. When we left France, he was languishing in the dungeon of a prison, where most likely he still remains, having been surprised by a party of dragoons, as he was waiting for the boat that was to convey him to the ship, on board of which his son and daughter were already gone. Perhaps there never was a kinder man! His arrangements had been formed with a view to his son, who had made several voyages on sea, taking charge of his younger

sister. M. Chabran himself had under his care a little girl, the only child of a widow, whose destitute and desolate condition had excited his compassion. For his own children he had little anxiety, the brother being well able to protect the sister. On the approach of the boat, the widow was separated by the crowd from her child; and while M. Chabran was engaged, with kindly zeal, in endeavouring to get the girl down to the shore, the boat was filled with passengers, and put to sea, bearing the young Chabrans away from their father. Within half an hour after this event, the poor man was in the hands of the dragoons.

We arrived, safe and well, at the house of our old host, who treated us with all the kindness and attention we could possibly desire, and of which we had certainly great need. I resolved to return, without loss of time, to Rochelle; believing that it was of importance for me to be seen there as frequently as possible; for although I feared lest some of those who had been left upon the beach when the others got off might have been seized, and have confessed as to the intended emigration, yet I trusted that, by making my appearance in the city at an early hour next morning, and by seeming to be engaged in Madame de Miséré's matters, I might remove all suspicion of my having taken any part in it.

I had that evening the pleasure of supping with Madame de Choisy, who had reached Rochelle along with her daughter and M. Meneguerre. This gentleman was one of those who fled from the beach at the same moment with our guide. We learned afterwards that all our companions who missed their passage had contrived to escape without mishap. Of the number of those who were lost in the darkness, and had not been able to arrive at the place of rendezvous, was the young girl from Mauzé.

The party at the house of Madame de Choisy was a very delightful one, each of us recounting his particular adventures. It would indeed, I think, have been difficult to discover in all France a happier fireside. Certainly it could not be found in the King's palace, nor in the houses of those who co-operated with him in this dreadful persecution. No countenance betrayed the vexation which ordinarily follows hope deceived ; on the contrary, we all felt that nothing had happened which was not a cause of sincere thanksgiving, and our hearts were turned to the Lord as the heart of one man. We could not, it is true, hide from ourselves the dangers we had been exposed to, nor the sufferings we had endured; but the memory of them served only to redouble our gratitude and love to Him to whom alone we owed our deliverance. The time was passed in serious conversation and in fervent prayer. We felt

that our Father had given us another token of His watchful protection ; and knowing that "*He* was on our side, and that thus we need not fear what man could do to us," we determined to persevere in our efforts to get away from our unfortunate country.

My six children remained with the aged gentleman so often mentioned, while I immediately took up my residence at Rochelle, from whence I went twice to Mauzé to visit your grandmother, whom I always found unshaken in her resolution to remain in France. Time passed on without our beholding the smallest opening for the execution of our project ; and although M. Meneguerre and I made a voyage to the isle of Rhé in the course of February, we did not succeed in engaging a vessel.

About this time, I was subjected to a new trial. I received information that M. Massiot, commissary of the Marine, whose residence, de la Mothe, is situated not far from Rochelle, having heard that the children were hid in the house of our friend, had sent him an absolute and positive order to turn them from his door ; adding that if he did not give immediate obedience to this mandate, he should speedily find himself without house or home. The good man received the intimation with great sorrow, although he had still hopes of being able to procure an apartment for his young guests in the dwelling of a Roman Catholic who was under obligations to

him at the village of La Vallée. There was no time to lose. We went at once to La Vallée, where the man consented to receive the whole of us; and I now dwelt under the same roof with my children, and had, besides, almost every day the happiness of receiving some of our brethren, who sought to escape from the cruelty of the Intendant of Poitou, as he, by the hand of the executioner and the sabres of the dragoons, spread desolation and death through all his province. Among the number of those who perished on the scaffold at St Maixent were our good and unfortunate friends, Thomas Marché, Jaques Guérin, and Pierre Rousseau. At Grand-Ry, the Intendant, putting himself at the head of the dragoons—these tigers athirst for blood—surprised and charged an assembly of seven or eight hundred persons, who, one Sunday morning, had assembled in a remote field for the purpose of singing the praises of God.

The procuration which Madame de Miséré had left me to attend to her affairs furnished me with a plausible pretext for frequent visits to Rochelle and its vicinity, while the lawsuit in which I was engaged was of particular service in introducing me to the acquaintance of individuals who afterwards aided me in my escape. There were also, at that time, many persons engaged as secret but very active agents of the Protestants, who made a lucra-

tive trade in engaging passages for those wishing to quit the country. A day seldom passed, during the last two months of our residence in France, without M. Meneguerre or I having sums of money to pay to one or other of these agents.

At length, the Lord, at the time appointed by His own mercy, heard our prayer, and employed for our deliverance the same person who had procured for us the first ship, and whom I have hitherto denominated our guide. He had been urging me, without ceasing, to hold myself ready for my departure, assuring me that he had found an especially good opportunity for himself, and that, other means failing, he would feel pleasure in receiving me and family on board his own vessel.

On the 16th April, Easter Sunday, I was gently aroused before daybreak by a young man, a stranger to me, who informed me that he came on the part of three ladies, my friends, whom he named, to request me to meet with them as secretly as possible, in a room which they had hired for the purpose, where they desired to have divine service; adding that they hoped I would not refuse to act as clerk. Dressing myself instantly, I followed this messenger towards the house of which he had spoken, and where I found the three ladies, as well as many other persons who, like myself, had been informed of their pious intention. We immediately

engaged in prayer and reading of the Holy Scriptures. The service was arranged in accordance with the rites of the French Reformed Churches; and, to my surprise, the young man delivered two admirable sermons. We felt as though a sweet and comforting dew was descending upon our souls; and from what I saw of those around me, I was convinced that there was not one present whose heart did not realise the touching words of our Divine Saviour, "Where two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." I returned to my children in the evening, thanking God by the way, and beseeching Him speedily to permit me and mine publicly to worship Him and to praise His holy name without fear and without trouble.

Next day I went to Rochelle for the last time. When near the city, I met M. Cavat and M. Mene-guerre, who invited me to go with them, as they were waiting the arrival of our guide, who had some news to communicate to them. He joined us in half an hour, and asked us to breakfast with him; and when we were in his house, he spoke to us in general terms of our approaching emancipation, but without entering into details. After breakfast he desired us to follow him, at some distance. We saw him enter one house and then another, and another, until it was two o'clock in

the afternoon. At length we learned that, by the goodness of God, all was ready, and that we were to prepare for embarkation that night !

This communication embarrassed me considerably, for it was late, and my children were at a distance from me. But the rendezvous being fixed at the same place as formerly, I went to find Jeanne, who lived with a lady in the city, and directed her to go with all speed to La Vallée, and prepare every thing for the departure of her brothers and sisters, it being impossible for me to go myself, as I had indispensable business to arrange with a person of my acquaintance. Jeanne arrived at La Vallée about four o'clock, and when I found myself at liberty I followed her thither. Before I reached the village, however, Isabelle, Anne, Marie, and Olivier, had departed on their journey on foot, accompanied by a youth of the hamlet, who had kindly offered to be their guide, and even occasionally to carry Olivier, he not being yet strong enough to walk two leagues.

No circumstance could have better favoured our scheme than the celebration of the feasts of Easter; as, the roads being crowded with people, it was almost impossible that our flight could be remarked, or that the entry of my children into Rochelle could excite the smallest suspicion. Next day was a festival which every one observed, and it appeared

quite natural that all should go to the city to prepare for its celebration.

It was five o'clock when I arrived at La Vallée, where I found Pierre expecting me. We there also met with two persons who had not succeeded in embarking on the 16th January preceding, and who had remained ever since concealed in this village. Both of these were heads of large families, the one consisting of eight, and the other of ten persons, all of whom had sailed; but I have told you enough of this frightful persecution to show you how easily such afflicting separations could occur. My first care, on arriving, was to offer them the opportunity of recovering their liberty, and this offer was embraced with transports of joy, especially as, since the departure of their families, three months before, they had heard no news of them. I now quitted Jeanne, after giving her the necessary directions for the sale of our household furniture, part of which was to be disposed of at Grand Breuil, and the remainder at adjoining places. It was not without a feeling of the deepest sorrow that I parted from this excellent and dutiful child, but circumstances compelled me to the step, and I was comforted by the hope of her soon joining us, and by the knowledge that I was leaving her in the best of hands.

Pierre and I next commenced our flight from


La Vallée, and at sunset we found ourselves at the château of Pampin, near to which we overtook Anne and the other children, along with their young guide. The little party, coming to a place where the road divided into four branches, and, not knowing which was their proper route, had adopted the wise plan of halting till we should arrive. And here it was that this good boy, who was as pious as he was intelligent, addressed me with great earnestness, entreating me to carry him with us away from France. His manners were so engaging, his language was so expressive, and he urged me with so much warmth, that I could not but promise him, that if there was room in the boat he should go with us.

On this occasion we arrived first at Pampin, where it had been agreed that the intended emigrants should assemble in a house on the edge of the sea. We had a kindly welcome. The entire company soon joined us; and we had just arisen from an excellent supper when it was time to go down to the shore—our good friend “the guide” having made his appearance with a large boat which he had hired at Rochelle. All the travellers being ready, the guide saw us on board the ship, and there we parted from one who had acted towards us so generously, and from such pure motives. May the Lord recompense him! This happy day, this day of our deliverance, was the 19th April 1688.

Among the passengers there were, besides our own family, the two fugitives, the young boy from La Vallée, the Captain Jacot and his wife, Monsieur and Madame Boutin and family, M. Desbois, junior, the widow Prevereau and her daughter, Madame and Mademoiselle de Choisy, M. Cavat and his family, M. Meneguerre, Madame Babault, Abel Bonnet and his son, Jean Dillot, Louis Chatteverre, and Jean Morins.

Our voyage was long and stormy. We lost many sails and ropes; and during two days the passengers were much alarmed for their safety; but Providence at last guided us to Brille in Holland, where we arrived on the 8th May, after a passage of nearly three weeks. I paid twenty louis for my berth in the ship, having already paid two for the boat which put us on board; and the passage of the young man whom I took with me cost me sixteen.

Next day being the Sabbath, all the emigrants attended divine service in the French Protestant church in Rotterdam, every one being impatient to pour out his heart before God. They were now, at last, in a free and Christian country! How could they properly appreciate such a blessing! Oh! I hope there was not a heart present that did not overflow with gratitude and love! The sermon was preached by the celebrated M. Jurieu.



On the following Friday, M. Gilbert gave us an address appropriate to our circumstances; and when he had ceased speaking, those among us who had signed an abjuration made a public confession of our sin, in presence of the Lord and of all the church.

Having been strongly advised to settle in Amsterdam, I removed with my family to that city, which we reached on the 1st June.

On our arrival in Holland, I had written to Jeanne by the ship which had conveyed us thither; and my letter quickly reaching her, she decided upon taking her passage on board of a large vessel that left Rochelle on the very day which we settled in the capital. Many kind friends hastened to assist her in her preparations; and it pleased God to remove the ordinary difficulties from her path; for the vessel had fair winds and a short run, making Brille in five days. Her passage cost me 95 livres 10 sols.

I have now been seventeen months in Holland, surrounded by the greater part of my family, and in the full and peaceful enjoyment of every spiritual blessing. I may even add, that no temporal comfort would have wanted to my happiness, but for the wandering of your brother Jean from the right path, and the continued residence of your grandmother in France. Gabriel pursues his pro-

fession with intelligence and success; and Philemon, by his amiable character, has insured to himself the esteem and protection of M. d'Olbreuze.

Oh ! my dear children, unite with me in ceaseless praise of that merciful Father, who has crowned us with loving-kindness and tender mercies ! You know that the love of our God, through His blessed Son, is the most frequent subject of our conversations together ; and I would desire that the perusal of each page of this narrative might serve to fill you more and more with that love. For what topic of greater interest can possibly occupy the thoughts of an intelligent being ? And yet one thing I have found to be exceedingly distressing ; and that is, the conversation of a great many of our brethren of the Reformed Church, in which they either indulge in bitter invectives against the government of our country, or in useless and tiresome debates on doctrinal points ; attaching to mere *words* an undue importance, and rather extinguishing than enlivening the feeling of Christian charity in their hearts. It will not be asked of us, on the great day, if we have been Papists or Protestants, but whether God, in Christ Jesus, has been the sole object of our love ; for, though it is true that all gifts, moral or intellectual, come from above, still these leave us on earth, and *love* alone goes with us to heaven,—*love* alone unites us

to God. No one was ever more submissive to this divine principle than your late mother. She was, under every circumstance, my help and counsellor ; but above all, when the furious persecution raged around us. "These things," she would say, "are hard to bear ; but why should we sorrow, as those who have no hope ? Never doubt that the shield of the Almighty is extended over us. Nothing can happen to us except what His wisdom knows to be for our good ; and although we may not now see the blessing that there is in all his providences, we shall see it another day. We love God, and He will never forsake us. Have not Pierre and I been preserved, because we are the objects of his constant solicitude ?—Yes ! my dear husband, I know that, at heart, you would not change your condition with that of the King of France ; for you love rather to be the oppressed than the oppressor ; and while you already possess a foretaste of that inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, our unhappy King, you may be sure, is a prey to remorse and sorrow. There is no peace for the wicked, and how can he be happy ? We ought rather to be inspired by compassion than resentment towards him ; and, indeed, we cannot be too thankful that the sun has never gone down upon our wrath, but that we have always been able sincerely to pray the Lord that a

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true and pious repentance may arrest him in his criminal career, and that he yet may reign in peace and prosperity. Unfortunate Prince ! he has been all his life tormented by blind ambition and head-long desires ; these have been satisfied, and now he is wearied out by enjoyment."

My dear children, may the love of God in our blessed Saviour save you from experiencing the bitter anguish attending the commission of sin,—the greatest of all evils,—and render you happy in every condition of life. May each of you know that love as a healing balm, which shall allay the pains of this short life, and render you superior to what men call, with so little truth—not to say with so much impiety—Fortune.

JEAN MIGAULT.

AMSTERDAM, *September* 1689.

THE END.

Comme le tourbillon passe,
Ainsi des méchants perdus
L'éclat s'éteint et s'efface,
Et les projets ne sont plus.
Ils préféreraient le mensonge
D'un brillant mais triste songe
Aux paroles du Seigneur !
Le fruit de leurs injustices
C'est du remords de leurs vices
L'épouvantable terreur.

Cependant l'homme fidèle,
De ce désastre témoin,
A suivre Christ avec zèle,
Met son étude et son soin.
L'Eternel le fortifie,
Sur sa parole il s'appuie,
Il se fonde, et ne craint rien :
Et dans sa plus dure peine
Une espérance certaine
Est son paisible soutien.

. CÉSAR MALAN.

EDINBURGH :

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

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